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THE  
SPECULATOR.

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THE  
S P E C U L A T O R.

NUMBER I.

SATURDAY, March 27, 1790.

—*Multum nebulae*—*circumfudit amictu:*  
*Cernere ne quis eum, neu quis contingere possit,*  
*Molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas.*

VIRG. *Æn.* b. i.

— shrouds

With mists their persons, and involves in clouds,  
That thus unseen, their passage none might stay,  
Or force to tell the causes of their way.

DRYDEN'S Translation.

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THE anonymous Writer of a Periodical Paper, when he first assumes his office, is almost unavoidably liable to have his imagination a little overheated, and his self-complacency unusually excited. It seems to him, that the friendly cloud of *Æneas*, for which the heart of boyish desire has so often throbbed, is at once his own. Fearless from conviction of security, and shrouded in impenetrable darkness, he is to go boldly forth among the haunts of men, and gather in, unnoticed, his plenteous harvest of observation. His fancy wantons in the ideal prospect, that activity

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is now to be gratified in excursiveness, which no impediment can repress, and the pursuit of truth rendered certain, when the searching spirit of philosophy is joined to the coolness of a mere spectator. While, as the glow of his imagination continues to increase, strange phantoms are conjured up, by the creative hand of self-importance. He sees the injured form of Virtue, in supplication before him, look up to his exertions for support; and Vice, pale and trembling, await, in awful suspense, the moment of that attack which is to shake her empire to its foundation.

From the elevated splendor of visions like these, there is some difficulty to descend at once to the reality of things. Floating in the brain of an author, they are but too apt to shut out the humbler scenes of common life, and suggest temptations, which, as they speak most forcibly to vanity, are of course, not easily resisted. Against these Philosophy itself has not always been found proof; and the concealed moralist of the day, has sometimes misused his privileges, to astonish the world with the pompous promise of instruction and reformation, which he was unable to fulfil, and by an air of dictatorial authority, to rouse expectations, which his powers were little calculated to gratify.

A periodical paper has been not unaptly compared to a stage-coach; such an author resembles  
much

much the traveller, who, under covert of his obscurity, assumes the character of elevated dignity, and magisterially dogmatizes in the momentary importance, which is founded on the ignorance of his companions: till, having long amazed them with the boast of power, and awed them with the austerity of virtue, at last, when the end of the journey dismisses him to obscurity and humility, the imposition stands confest. Nor are his cheated fellow-travellers ill revenged, when he, before whom Vice was to stand abashed, and the petulance of Folly to be mute, turns out at once a common man like themselves; and perhaps the censor general of the age, who, from his inquisitorial tribunal thundered against the times, is found the recluse and solitary tenant of a garret.

The Speculator, while he employs that privilege of a mask, which the public are usually contented to grant, will, from the character he assumes, feel but little incitement to abuse their favour. Neither seated in the chair of grave and solemn instruction, or standing forth the professed reformer of modern manners, the little claims he is to make on their attention, may be allowed, without the aid of any extraordinary means to enforce them. The journey on which the reader is about to enter, will not be long; and if the end of it shall suggest to his mind any

B 2 regret,

regret, on parting with a companion of whose good intentions he is at least convinced, or a wish to renew an acquaintance from the recollection of either pleasure or profit connected with it, the desires of the Speculator will not be ungratified.

Though some concealment has ever been indulged to periodical writers, there are certain claims which the prescription of custom has made it generally necessary to settle between the author and the public. A stranger is to be introduced, and some degree of attention, however trifling, may be called forth by his first appearance. Dr. Franklin has related an humorous story of himself when travelling through the cities of America. The proverbial curiosity of individuals, excited by a new face, harrassed his patience, and impeded his progress; till he happily bethought of an expedient which released him from the inconvenience. He composed a short recital, which comprehended his name, birth, country, destination, and intentions; by means of which, on arriving at a new place, he at once was able to satisfy the longings of the impatient inhabitants, and save himself from molestation.

Though the curiosity he is so anxious to gratify, is probably only the creature of his own fancy, the new author is generally apt to imagine himself in the same predicament as Dr. Franklin on his travels; and a little history of a similar nature, calculated



calculated to allay the intensity of curious expectation, is commonly the subject of an introductory paper. The Speculator will not deviate from the established custom, but, after the example of his predecessors, will dedicate a part of these first pages to the indulgence of a little egotism. My business with the world, my meaning and intentions in standing forward as an author, will naturally be first enquired into. And what can be this business; methinks I hear some bilious and adust philosopher exclaim, What other view can engage a reasonable being but to combat the degeneracy of the age, and bear witness against the fearful increase of vice that marks these later times? The philosopher, however, is a little mistaken, as I shall leave the times to mend at their leisure, and this not without my reasons. The attention has indeed been often roused by pitiable complaints of the increase of depravity which usher in many publications of this kind. Writers are frequently induced to violate their modesty by the requests of friends, too pressing to be rejected, and the impending dread of surreptitious copies. The periodical writer seems sometimes to be uncommonly liable to the influence of another cause, which forces him to rush from his retreat before the public, with all his imperfections on his head. The spirit of anger is raised within his bosom, and torments him like an evil

B 3

demon.



demon. His language is that of impatience, not to be restrained, and violence, from the concealment of which he appears to apprehend the worst consequences.

*Quis iniquæ*

*Tam patiens urbis, tam feriens ut teneat se.*

The fever of indignation burns with a fury, which allows not of repose, till an effusion of ink has mitigated the rage of the more pressing symptoms; and what ill-judging persons are apt to call blind invective and unprovoked acrimony, is, in fact, a necessary effort for self-preservation. It may appear a little singular, that the Speculator should seem to possess an immunity from a complaint so contagious among moralists, or that his ambition should not be roused, in the outset of his career, to break a lance in the literary crusade against the times, in which so many of his brethren have been adventurers. He must, however, be heard in his own defence. It appears from the most accurate observations, made in both verse and prose, that the age has from the time of the first poets and philosophers, continued with the greatest regularity to become every day more depraved. What has so often been asserted, and with such excellent authority for its support, it might be a blameable temerity to deny, though there are not wanting obstinate people who see so little into things, as still to think the intermixture  
of

of good and evil in the times to be in much the same proportions as ever. But it may justly be feared, that it is now so long since this alarming degeneracy began first to manifest itself, that what, in the days of Hesiod, suggested such melancholy reflections to that grave author, must by this time have arrived at too high a pitch to be checked, but by the most violent means. To oppose the feeble resistance of a periodical paper, would resemble the vain attempt by those petty mounds, which might confine the wanderings of a rivulet to impede the burst of a torrent grown irresistible by daily increase. Against such a foe, armour of higher proof, and weapons more weighty, must be demanded, than those which glitter in the lighter bands of literature. Their little manœuvres and irregular incursions may be efficacious in harrassing Hypocrisy, or driving Folly from her entrenchments, but can make no impression on the great body of Vice, which hitherto we are told has, like a Tartar army, only derived successive strength from fruitless opposition. We, however, though little able to contend, may from our retreat, point out to others a source of consolation under a depravity so calamitous. It may be considered, that what has so long continued to increase, must probably, at last arrive at its highest point; and though, from the discoveries of some writers of this country, we

have so great reason to fear that acmé has taken place at this unhappy period, we have a disinterested satisfaction still remaining. Knowing that nothing human can long be stationary, the prospect of the future may console us for the present; and the excess of the evil we suffer in our own persons, be softened by looking forward to a proportionable decrease of degeneracy in our more fortunate posterity; this point being settled, all other questions come nearly under one head. What is the Speculator? That which the whispers of self-flattery suggest as so likely to be demanded, shall receive a ready and simple solution. It shall be answered by a little sketch of my own frame of mind, which, by at once letting the reader into my character, will put it in his power to ascertain the expectation which may be founded on it. The Speculator is one who has contributed little, perhaps, to the practical utility of the arts of life; though his mind is ever fervid with plans, in the ideal completion of which, his imagination has sometimes triumphed in anticipating the praise and gratitude of others. The air-built systems of abstract philosophy, and the sordid calculations by which the vice and weakness of mankind is made subservient to interested design, have been equally remote from his bosom. He is one, who from little conformity in his habits, and less congeniality in his heart, to what is called the  
World,

World, began at an early period to find but a faint interest in those pursuits which occupied so strongly the breasts around him. For these, his internal feelings had whispered him, he was not formed. Even when immersed in the noise and hurry of life, his imagination looked forward fondly to a time, when, detached from the whirling vortex of affairs, he was to hover at will above the scene of things, and watch, in undisturbed security, the wanderings, the labours, the contests of mankind; when the hum of men, breaking faintly on his ear from afar, should soothe and not distract him; and life, like a fair prospect, lie spread before his eye, in distant though distinct perspective. Some disappointment, from which his feelings, rather than his fortunes had been wounded, left on his mind a softened melancholy, after some time, of no unpleasant kind. This, as he struggled but feebly against its indulgence, at last rendered irresistible the taste he had acquired, for pleasures of a nature little compatible with the more active scenes of life. With a heart, neither glowing with acrimonious misanthropy, or soured by sullen disgust, he quitted the world, for a retirement of which he had learnt the full value, and which he could enjoy unembittered by remorse, and undisturbed by the importunity of desires, he could no longer gratify. In this retreat from the shackles



of regular employment, the occupations of the Speculator are chiefly mental, and his best enjoyments are sought in following the free excursions of imaginations in pursuit of truth, and in tracing under all their modifications, the eternal forms of the good and beautiful. The little portion of activity he possesses, which in the world might have been wasted in toiling for wealth, or chasing preferment directed to his own mind, is excited in ideal creation; nor is his nightly couch unvisited by the fascinating dreams which,

wove in Fancy's loom,

Float in light vision round the poet's head.

To bring down the solitary reveries of retirement to use, is a task not the most easy; and he who plods on in the beaten track of life, may regard such occupations with no friendly eye; it is therefore not without anxiety and fear the Speculator ventures to meet the public view. But the heart, even in the bosom of indolence, or the obscurity of retreat, feels that there still are claims not to be disallowed. We are followed by the still small voice of duty that whispers we are citizens, and threatens the penalty of remorse to those in whom supineness and apathy betray the common interests of society. He who can bear unmitigated solitude, is either more or less than human; to him who still feels he is a man, the bonds of society are yet unbroken, though far removed



removed we feel their influence; and the heart must ever own, that without some interest in the events of the world, without some ties that link us to our fellow-mortals, it is not good for man to be alone. To keep up that communication with the world, on which the habits of retirement were beginning every day to break in, and to avoid the self-reproach of a passage through life, unmarked by some proof of exertion, these sheets are designed. To set in motion the more amiable workings of the human breast, by giving them an object not unworthy, by softening the heart to open the way to those impressions, which adorn and dignify our nature; to enlarge, however little, the boundaries of elegant letters, are ends which, though to attain be beyond his powers, the honest ambition of the Speculator will be something gratified by the attempt alone. And if to the volumes of amusement and instruction, one more book be added, if in these papers, a single motive be given to virtue, or the form of knowledge rendered more attractive, he will have received a reward in which his labours are overpaid.

From the little sketch which has been given of the habits and frame of mind of the Speculator, the reader is possessed of the motives which have given rise to these sheets, and has probably received a general idea of the nature of his plan, and

and the manner in which it will be conducted. The remainder of this paper shall be devoted to a more detailed relation of the particulars of the method which the author wishes to adopt in his future efforts to entertain the public. Life and letters will be the objects of his attention. To those who, stationed amidst the bustle of the world, can watch the fleeting influence of fashion on the ever-changing scene of manners, the task is left to catch the shifting colours as they appear, and instruct the world, by faithful pictures, of the nicer features of the times. Lineaments of life, more broad and general, an outline more free and comprehensive of those motives which influence the characters of men, are more adapted to the pencil of a retired Speculator. Variety will not be wanting; the precept, which is tedious in a formal essay, may acquire attractions in a tale, and the sober charms of truth be divested of their austerity by the graces of innocent fiction. Much of the plan will be literary; in this part criticism and the finer arts are meant to occupy a considerable place, and the regularity and dryness of discussion, will occasionally be relieved, by the introduction of various pieces of original poetry. In a work of this nature novelty is ever demanded; among the critical essays, a series will be presented to the public, which will at least have that advantage. The latter periods of  
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the polite literature of Germany presents the spectacle of a literary harvest, which, though rich and ample, had hitherto excited few labourers. As in our language no regular criticism has appeared on a subject so original as the present state of the Belles Lettres in Germany, sketches of particular parts of their more elegant literature will be attempted in the course of the present Work, and some translations offered, to convey an idea, however slight, of that spirit to which description alone is seldom adequate in poetical productions.

H.

No. 2.—TUESDAY, March 30, 1790.

*E' quanto à dir qual era, è cosa dura,  
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte  
Che nel pensier rinnuova la paura.—  
Tanto è amara, che poco è più morte :  
Ma per trattar del ben, ch'i vi trovai,  
Dirò del altre cose, ch'i v'ho scorte.*

DANTE.

The place I know not, where I chanc'd to rove ;  
It was a wood so wild, it wounds me fore  
But to remember with what ills I strove :  
Such still my dread, that death is little more.  
But I will tell the good which there I found :  
High things 'twas there my fortune to explore.

HAYLEY.

---

IT was evening, when Wolkmar and his dog, almost spent with fatigue, descended one of the mountains in Switzerland ; the sun was dilated in the horizon, and threw a tint of rich crimson over the waters of a neighbouring lake ; on each side rocks of varied form, their green heads glowing in the beam, were swarded with shrubs that hung feathering from their summits, and at intervals was heard the rushing of a troubled stream.

Amid this scenery, our traveller, far from any habitation, wearied and uncertain of the road, sought for some excavation in the rock, wherein he might repose himself, and having at length discovered such a situation, fell fast asleep upon some



some withered leaves. His dog sat watching at his feet, a small bundle of linen and a staff were placed beside him, and the red rays of the declining sun, having pierced through the shrubs that concealed the retreat, gleamed on the languid features of his beloved master.

And long by thy rest, O Wolkmar! may sleep sit pleasant on thy soul! Unhappy man! war hath estranged thee from thy native village; war, unnatural war, snatched thee from thy Fanny and her infant. Where art thou, best of wives? thy Wolkmar lives! 'twas error spread his death. 'Thou fled'st; thy beauty caught the eye of power; thou fled'st with thy infant and thy aged father. Unhappy woman! thy husband seeketh thee over the wilds of Switzerland. Long be thy rest, O Wolkmar! may sleep sit pleasant on thy soul!

Yet not long did Wolkmar rest; starting, he beheld the dog, who, seizing his coat, had shook it with violence; and having thoroughly awakened him, whining licked his face, and sprang through the thicket. Wolkmar, eagerly following, discerned at some distance a man gently walking down the declivity of the opposite hill, and his own dog running with full speed towards him. The sun yet threw athwart the vale rays of a blood-red hue, the sky was overcast, and a few big round drops rustled through the drooping leaves.



leaves. Wolkmar sat him down, the dog now fawned upon the man, then bounding ran before him. The curiosity of Wolkmar was roused, he rose to meet the stranger, who, as he drew near, appeared old, very old, his steps scarce supporting him with a staff; a blue mantle was wrapped around him, and his hair and beard white as snow, and waving to the breeze of the hill, received from beneath a dark cloud, the last deep crimson of the setting sun.

The dog now ran wagging his tail, first to his master, and then to the stranger, leaping upon each with marks of the utmost rapture, till too rudely expressing his joy, the old man tottering fell at the foot of a blasted beech, that stood at the bottom of the hill. Wolkmar hastened to his relief, and had just reached the spot, when starting back, he exclaimed, "My father, O my father!" Gothre, for so the old man was called, saw and knew his son, a smile of ecstacy lighted up his features, a hectic flushed his cheek, his eyes beamed transport through the waters that suffused them, and stretching forth his arms, he faintly uttered, "My beloved son!" Nature could no more: the bloom upon his withered cheek fled fast away, the dewy lustre of his eye grew dim, the throbbing of his heart oppressed him, and straining Wolkmar with convulsive energy, the last long breath of aged Gothre fled across the cheek of his son.

The

The night grew dark and unlovely, the moon struggled to appear, and by fits her pale light streamed across the lake, a silence deep and terrible prevailed, unbroken but by a cold shriek, that at intervals died along the valley. Wolkmar lay entranced upon the dead body of his father, the dog stood motionless by his side; but at last alarmed, he licked their faces, and pulled his master by the coat, till having in vain attempted to awaken them, he ran howling dreadfully along the valley; the demon of the night trembled on his hill of storms, and the rocks returned a deepening echo.

Wolkmar at last awoke, a cold sweat trickled over his forehead, every muscle shook with horror, and, kneeling by the body of Gothre, he wept aloud. "Where is my Fanny," he exclaimed, "Where shall I find her; oh! that thou had'st told me she yet lived, good old man! if alive, my God, she must be near: the night is dark, these mountains are unknown to me." As he spoke, the illumined edge of a cloud shone on the face of Gothre, a smile yet dwelt upon his features; "Smilest thou, my father," said Wolkmar, "I feel it at my heart; all shall yet be well." The night again grew dark, and Wolkmar, retiring a few paces from his father, threw himself on the ground.

He

He had not continued many minutes in this situation, before the distant sound of voices struck his ear; they seemed to issue from different parts of the valley, and two or three evidently approached the spot where Gothre lay; the name of Gothre was at length loudly repeated, and Gothre! Gothre! mournfully ran from rock to rock. Wolkmar, starting from the ground, sighed with anxiety and apprehension, leaning forward he listened with fearful apprehension, but the beating of his heart appalled him. The dog who, at first alarmed, had crept to his master's feet, began now to bark with vehemence; suddenly the voices ceased, and Wolkmar thought he heard the soft and quick tread of people fast approaching. At this moment, the moon burst from behind a dark cloud, and shone fully on the dead body of Gothre. A shrill shriek pierced the air, and a young woman rushing forward fell on the body of Gothre. "Oh, my Billy," she exclaimed to a little boy, who ran up to her out of breath, "see your beloved Gothre! he is gone for ever, gone to heaven and left us. O my poor child! (clasping the boy, who cried most bitterly), what shall we do without him, what will become of us, we will die also, my Billy! Gothre is gone to your own dear father, and they are both happy yonder, my Billy," pointing to the moon.

Wolkmar,

Wolkmar, in the mean time, stood enveloped with shade, his arms stretched out, motionless, and fixed in silent astonishment; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he faintly and with difficulty uttered, "My Fanny, my child!" his accents reached her ear, she sprang wildly from the ground, "It is my Wolkmar's spirit," she exclaimed. The sky instantly cleared all around, and Wolkmar burst upon her sight. They rushed together, she fainted. "God of mercies!" cried Wolkmar, "if thou wilt not drive me mad, restore her to life: she breathes, I thank thee, O my God, she breathes! the wife of Wolkmar lives!" Fanny recovering, felt the warm embrace of her beloved husband; "Dear, dear Wolkmar," she faintly whispered, "Thy Fanny—I cannot speak; my Wolkmar, I am too happy; see our Billy!" The boy had crept close to his father, and was clasping him round the knees. The tide of affection rushed impetuously through the bosom of Wolkmar, "it presses on my heart," he said, "I cannot bear it." The domestics, whom Fanny had brought with her, crowded round: "Let us kneel," said Wolkmar, "round the body of aged Gothre:" they knelt around, the moon shone sweetly on the earth, and the spirit of Gothre passed by, he saw his children and was happy.

N.

No.



No. 3.—SATURDAY, April 3, 1790.

*Auditis ? An me ludit amabilis*

*Infania ? Audire, et videor pios*

*Errare per lucos, amœnæ*

*Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.*

HORATIUS.

Hark ! the celestial voice I raptur'd hear !

Or does a pleasing frenzy charm my ear ?

Thro' hallow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath  
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.

FRANCIS.

**T**O contrast his subjects, to intermingle poetry and prose, the flights of fancy with the sober dictates of criticism and philosophy, hath ever been a favourite idea of the Speculator. And although it be true that, of the many whom ambition has led to claim the attributes of the Poet, few have been able to appreciate their own merit, to distinguish the flattery of inclination from the impulse of genius ; yet desirous to add novelty to his plan, to arrest the censure of uniformity, and give vigour to the efforts of more elaborate composition, the Speculator now comes forward, and will occasionally continue to do so, in a poetic dress.

ODE



## ODE TO FANCY.

## I.

WARM the tinge of eve's soft ray,  
Smote by the crimson-setting sun,  
Down the rocks rough craggy way,  
Wildly the bursting waters run.

## II.

Sunk in silence sleeps the stream,  
Smooth on the moss-declining bed,  
Clear as Luna's silver beam,  
On startl'd Midnight's bosom shed.

## III.

Thro' the shade the orb of day  
O'er yonder gold-tipt distant hill,  
Flings his rich romantic ray  
Athwart the deep reflecting rill.

## IV.

Where the wood's brown branches meet,  
Nigh where the haunted waters play,  
Rapt in airy vision sweet,  
Thus, thus, I pour the votive lay.

## V.

O nymph, of boundless pow'r possess'd,  
To light the Poets youthful breast,  
To bid the fire-clad thought arise  
And dare to claim its native skies,

That

That lov'st to roam the lonely waste,  
 Mid Tadmor's falling domes to stray,  
 Or on wild Teneriffe's summit plac'd  
 With Fiction wake the tuneful lay,  
 O quick descend, support the strain,  
 Thro' all the theme unbounded reign  
 And pierce the depths of thought,  
 Whether from Horror's thrilling store,  
 From Nature's scenes, or Magic's lore  
 The lov'd idea be brought.

## VI.

O tell me from what air-crown'd steep,  
 Thou view'st the world of waters deep,  
 And listen'st to the howling wave  
 That beats the shell-hung dripping cave,  
 Or on what rock's wild-clifted side,  
 Mid storm and tempest you reside;  
 Say, do thy footsteps ever fail  
 To tread the lone and devious vale,  
 Or thro' the mould'ring Gothic pile  
 To pace the damp-hung cloister'd aisle?  
 O tell me where at purple dawn  
 To taste the dewy breath of morn;  
 Or where at eve's brown dusky ray,  
 Thou wont the woodland wild to stray.  
 Perchance nigh some green cottage led,  
 Where rose and woodbine form thy bed,  
 Where round thee sporting, warblers fly,  
 And pour forth all their melody.

## VII. O

## VII.

O come, let's seek the flow'ry vale  
Where breathes the balmy perfum'd gale,  
Where winds the silver stream along,  
Thro' the green grove her murmuring song.  
Or where, thou wild untutor'd maid!  
Beneath the close-embowering shade  
Of autumn's rich-clad cloak,  
Beyond the torrent interpos'd,  
Thou see'st steep pendent rocks disclos'd  
Thick hung with mossy cloak.

## VIII.

O deign to tread the dewy lawn  
What time the blaze of day withdrawn  
Eve's milder beam comes on,  
When the grey cloud's tipt with gold,  
When the am'rous tale is told,  
The moon-lov'd green upon;  
Ah then we'll sing of melting charms,  
How, sighing soft, the virgin warms  
Within the folding youth;  
How the bosom, white as snow,  
How the cheek's sweet roseate glow,  
And eye's fond languish tell the tender truth.

## IX.

Should fate condemn to rove obscure  
This devious vale terrene,  
Yet shall the deep-fraught gloom allure  
But thou frequent the scene,

E'en

E'en on that dismal desert shore  
 Where rules the wint'ry storm ;  
 Eternal on whose mountain hoar  
 Sits Winter's awful form :  
 There should thy gentle shade appear,  
 Mild would the tempest blow,  
 With bloom would blush the kindling year,  
 And soft the streamlet flow.

## X.

With thee, I'd roam the blasted heath,  
 Where the fork'd lightning's red with death,  
 And the bellowing thunder rolls,  
 Where substantial darkness reigns,  
 Where sorrowing sad the storm complains,  
 And wild afar the deep-vex'd ocean howls.

## XI.

But turn we where yon ivy tow'r  
 Woven by Time's swift fleeting hour,  
 Hangs o'er the deep retiring vale,  
 There still the bard recounts the tale,  
 Of high pil'd feast and pageantry,  
 Of tournament and revelry,  
 Of hall that shook with sudden sound  
 Of mirthful peers assembled round,  
 Of princely damsels' lovely mien  
 That grac'd the gay enliv'ning scene,

While



While loud the minstrel 'gan to sing,  
And warbling swept the lyric string;  
Now 'neath the moon's cool streamy light,  
That breaks between the clouds of night,  
When the deep blast loud-shrieking bears  
On its pale wings the dead of years,  
Blue-shielded warriors flash along,  
Oft seen yon age-struck walls among,  
Arms, clash as intermits the storm,  
And frowning floats the unfinish'd form.

## XII.

O thou, the nymph of daring thought !  
Who Nature's lonely voice had taught  
To breathe the sweet conceptive strain,  
And boast amid her sylvan train.  
Each gentle, and each lofty muse,  
Quick through my breast thy warmth diffuse,  
And deck my early artless lay  
With thy bold rich creative ray ;  
Fain would I think thy genial pow'r,  
Oft deigns to bless my studious hour,  
For frequent nigh yon rushing stream  
On which the moon's pale beauties gleam  
I've seen thy lovely form ;  
And e'en beneath the bursting storm,  
Oft listen'd yon wild woods among  
To the deep raptures of thy heav'nly song.

C

XIII. Come

## XIII.

Come then, nor thou the lay refuse,  
 To thee I lead the trembling muse,  
 Long may the bard adorn thy shrine,  
 Long may thou prompt the tuneful Nine,  
 And be thy charms to me but giv'n,  
 I grasp the poets airy heav'n.

N.

No. 4.—TUESDAY, *April 6, 1790.*

There would he dream of graves, and corfes pale;  
And ghosts, that to the charnel dungeon throng,  
And drag a length of clanking chain and wail,  
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song,  
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

BEATTIE.

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OF the various kinds of superstition which have in any age influenced the human mind, none appear to have operated with so much effect as what has been termed the Gothic. Even in the present polished period of society, there are thousands who are yet alive to all the horrors of witchcraft, to all the solemn and terrible graces of the appalling spectre. The most enlightened mind, the mind free from all taint of superstition involuntarily acknowledges the power of Gothic agency; and the late favourable reception which two or three publications in this style have met with, is a convincing proof of the assertion. The enchanted forest of Tasso, the spectre of Camoens, and the apparitions of Shakespeare, are to this day highly pleasing, striking, and sublime features in these delightful compositions.

And although this kind of superstition be able to arrest every faculty of the human mind, and to shake, as it were, all nature with horror, yet does it also delight in the most sportive and elegant imagery. The traditionary tales of elves and fairies still convey to a warm imagination an inexhausted source of invention, supplying all those wild, romantic, and varied ideas with which a wayward fancy loves to sport. The Provençal bards, and the neglected Chaucer and Spenser, are the originals from whence this exquisite mythology has been drawn, improved, and applied with so much inventive elegance by Shakespeare. The flower and the leaf of Chaucer is replete with the most luxuriant description of these præternatural beings.

Next to the Gothic in point of sublimity and imagination comes the Celtic, which, if the superstition of the Lowlands be esteemed a part of it, may, with equal propriety be divided into the terrible and the sportive; the former, as displayed in the poems of Ossian: the latter, in the songs and ballads of the Low Country. Ossian has opened a new field for invention, he has coloured a set of beings unknown to Gothic fiction; his ghosts are not the ghosts of Shakespeare, yet are they equally solemn and striking. The abrupt and rapid fervor of imagination, the vivid touches of enthusiasm, mark his composition, and his spectres



tres rush upon the eye with all the stupendous vigour of wild and momentary creation. So deep and uniform a melancholy pervades the poetry of this author, that, whether from natural disposition, or the pressure of misfortune, from the face of the country which he inhabited, or the insulated state of society, he seems ever to have avoided imagery of a light and airy kind; otherwise, from the originality of his genius, much in this way might have been expected. As to the superstition of the Lowlands, it differs so little from the lighter Gothic, that I know not whether I am warranted in drawing any distinction between them. It is not, however, peculiar to this district of Scotland, the Highlanders in many parts, especially in their beautiful little vales, being still enthusiastic in their belief of it.

These are then the two species of superstition which seem most capable of invigorating the powers of imagination: how feeble, cold, and insipid are the mythological fables of the classic bard, compared to the bold and daring fictions of the Gothic Muse.

It has been, however, too much the fashion among critical writers, to condemn this kind of imagery, as puerile and absurd; but, whilst it is thus formed to influence mankind, to surprize, elevate, and delight, with a willing admiration, every faculty of the human mind, how shall cri-

ticism with impunity dare to expunge it? Genius has ever had a predilection for it, and it has ever been the favourite superstition of the poets. I may venture, I think, to predict, that if at any time this species of fabling be totally laid aside, our national poetry will degenerate into mere morality, criticism, and satire; and that the sublime, the terrible, and the fanciful in poetry, will no longer exist. The recent publication of Mr. Hole's *Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment*, will again call the attention of the public to these fertile sources of invention, for it is

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart  
 From sober truth, are still to nature true,  
 And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,  
 Th' heroic muse employ'd her 'lazzo's art!  
 How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,  
 To hear his harp, by British Fairfax strung,  
 Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind  
 Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!  
 Hence at each sound imagination glows;  
 Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows;  
 Melting, it flows, pure, num'rous, strong and clear,  
 And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious  
 ear.

COLLINS.

The poet from whose works the above quotation has been taken, possessed all that fervor of enthusiasm, all that warmth of imagination characteristic of true genius; and although ignorance and bad taste have not unfrequently classed him with a Tickell and a Hammond, yet with the discerning

discerning few will he ever hold an exalted rank in the regions of pathos and invention.

By fairy hands his knell is rung ;  
By forms unseen his dirge is sung :  
Oft "Fancy" comes, "at twilight" grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps his clay ;  
And "Pity" shall a while repair  
To dwell a weeping "Votress" there.

But to return to our subject.—Although so great a disparity evidently obtains between the two species of Gothic superstition, the terrible and the sportive ; yet no author, that I am acquainted with, has availed himself of this circumstance, and thrown them into immediate contrast. In a fragment lately published by Mrs. Barbauld, under the title of *Sir Bertrand*, the transition is immediately from the deep Gothic to the Arabic or Saracenic superstition ; which, although calculated to surprize, would have given more pleasure, and would have rendered the preceding scenes of horror more striking, had it been of a light and contrasted kind. Struck, therefore, with the propriety of the attempt, and the exquisite beauty that would probably result from such an opposition of imagery, I have determined to devote a few Papers to this design, and to give exemplification in an Ode and Tale ; and, as I have often observed this kind of superstition to take great hold of the reader's curiosity, I doubt not they will meet with a favourable reception.. N.

No. 5.—SATURDAY, April 10, 1790.

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pæni,  
Nec tam averfus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe.*

VIRG. ÆN.

THE history of the human mind, as exemplified in its progressive passage, from the depression of barbarism to the elevation of refinement, is to the philosopher an object of research equally fascinating and profitable. To follow the first faint drawings of intellect, which, in the infancy of nations, burst by intervals through surrounding darkness, to that blaze and energy with which the powers of mind expand in the maturity of more polished times, is a contemplation that soothes the pride of man, and fills the soul with elevated ideas of the dignity of its own nature. Nor are such investigations to be held as merely abstract or inapplicable to utility. To him who carefully examines and compares the various pictures of national advancement, the chain connecting causes and effects is laid open, while he learns the influence of those powers, by which the progress of refinement had been



been hitherto hastened or retarded; he gains a knowledge which may not be unprofitably applied to the future.

In the study of a history so important as that of the mind, enquiries into the state of polite literature, as modified by various causes in different countries, have ever made a principal part. The more delicate and loftier efforts of imagination, the keen taste of beauty and elegance, tardily unfold themselves in the soul. They mark the immaturity of nations like that of individuals, and the progress of the finer arts, is the standard by which the real intellectual rank of a people is usually best estimated.

The inquisitive and philosophic spirit of the English, has peculiarly prompted them to such researches. The plenteous field of foreign improvement has always excited the industry of innumerable labourers, and our eagerness to investigate the causes and conditions of refinement among the neighbouring nations has usually kept pace with our own advancement. At a period when this taste appears rather to be increasing than upon the wane, and when the mutual intercourse of nations becomes, from a thousand causes, every day more facilitated, it appears singular, that one country alone, in which the sciences have been long and successfully cultivated, should experience a neglect as mortifying as it is

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undeserved. The polite literature of the Germans has escaped the general spirit of enquiry, and by some fatality seems hitherto to have repressed learned curiosity, and damped the ardor of investigation. While the productions of the French, however uncongenial to the spirit of our island, exert, as foreign, a peculiar claim on our complacency; this province, rich and inexhaustible as it promises to be, has little excited the ambition of conquest, or roused the cupidity of literary industry. A language inimical to the Germans, has been propagated among us by tradition, till it has nearly gained the authority of prescription. Dullness is, by a kind of charm, associated with their names, and the hearsay sarcasm detailed from hand to hand, has filled our minds with prejudices against a people, whose merits we have hitherto been little able to appreciate. The professed language of panegyric, and the blind ignorance of prepossession, are equally unfriendly to the cause of truth. Later years have witnessed in Germany the cultivation of many of the finer arts; with what success, it is for candour and coolness only to determine. To attract some share of attention to a subject where curiosity is so laudable, and, by giving an idea, faint as it may be, of the exertions of the Germans, in works of taste and imagination, to enable others to judge a little better of the rank which literary justice should assign

assign them, will be attempted in a few sketches interwoven with the plan of the present work. Of these the execution may claim much indulgence, but their intention can hardly be unfavourably considered.

The introduction of German literature into England has taken place under circumstances the most unfavourable to its adoption. Our first acquaintance with the German Muse was formed on the commencement only of her progress to that maturity she has since attained. With this, other causes concurring, curiosity was little roused, indifference soon succeeded, and the impressions then received were transmitted to succeeding times. These continue to exert an influence in the present period, when the rapid progress of German improvement has rendered their application absolutely unjust. The French, from a variety of causes, ever inimical to their less volatile neighbours, have formerly exerted, at their expense, the powers of ridicule, which, however applicable when directed to the dark age of German genius, loses all point when the modern era is the object. The charge of tameness and want of fire has been made, till the stigma becomes difficultly inseparable from the efforts of German imagination. The wide diffusion of the French tongue, and the little sphere to which the other language is confined, has on one side given  
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every advantage to propagate an accusation, and on the other rendered a public appeal almost impracticable. At a late period, however, the prepossessions even of the French are beginning to relax. The merits of those, they once opposed with acrimony and contempt, are daily making more impression; and the hostile obloquy they so long preserved, is atoned for by the eagerness with which the German literature is received and transfused into their language. Little as our nation is acquainted with the modern writers of Germany, some specimens are familiar to us, which yield sufficient proof, that whatever deficiency of strength might mark the earlier compositions of that country, the spirit which pervades the later literary performances is of a character directly opposite.

The Sorrows of Werter, the beauties of which glowing with all the fire of genius and the enthusiasm of exquisite passion, have furnished so many themes to the poet and the painter, has, as a composition, long excited our admiration, though apparently without awakening much curiosity for the other numerous productions of Goethe's bold and vivid pencil. In the sister art of poetry, the Germans have long vindicated to themselves a rank among the highest; the whole of Europe has recognized the merits of a style of music, as original and touching as it is incompatible with mere



mere laborious tameness. A music, to whose excellence the heart of feeling will ever bear the truest testimony, while it vibrates to the fiery wildness of an Haydn, or melts to the soft and passionate strains of the tender Pleyel.

To the common prepossession of want of spirit and interest, in the productions of the Germans, another cause has contributed. A peculiar fate attended some of the first poems which appeared among us in an English dress. Stripped of the poetic beauties of the original, the translations reduced the sublimity and varied measure of Klopstock's versification, and the harmonious softness of Gesner, to one standard of monotonous prose, which, from the peculiarity of structure, has long attracted the sarcasms of criticism. Little would it be suspected by the mere English reader, that Klopstock in his Messiah has taken the Greek hexameter as the model of his verse, and has almost exhausted the riches of a language the most copious, in the varieties of his modulation and cadence. A literary process like this few poems can sustain without the loss of half their beauties. Homer and Virgil themselves, would probably, if subjected to it, but little attract wonder, or arrest attention. An idea of difficulty almost insuperable, annexed to the acquisition of the language of the Germans, has tended to produce an indifference to their literature. That  
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the language is not among those most easy of acquisitions will readily be allowed, though no small portion of the impediments may perhaps appear to examination founded on prejudice. The sarcastic criticisms of the French and other nations on the harshness of our own tongue, will incline us not to sit in judgment too severe on the want of harmony in the German. Wieland, in his *Musarion* and *Oberon*, by shewing that the German language is not unsusceptible of musical softness and elegance, has performed a service to his native tongue, like that for which our own is indebted to Pope. The immediate connection of the German language with the English, and the light which its direct relation is so able to throw on many dark and ambiguous parts of the latter, is a claim to attention which it is singular to find has produced so little effect. The productions of a nation, near to us in point of situation and connection, in a language from which so great a part of our own is evidently borrowed, have in some of our writers experienced a neglect, which would lead us to suppose the Germans were as remote and little interesting to us as the Chinese; and that their tongue emulated the Egyptian hieroglyphics in obscurity. Fortunately for the extension of English letters, these opinions have not been mutual. The language of England makes in Germany a part of education, and is even

even regularly taught by the professor of an university. The Germans have received the productions of the English with a degree of cordiality and eagerness which marks congeniality of sentiment, and have translated into their own language, most of our works that are distinguished by celebrity.

The progress of Germany towards the refinement of the politer arts, has been complicated with circumstances not a little singular. At a period when the more important of the European nations, after shaking off the mental slavery of so many ages of ignorance and darkness, were rising high in the scale of intellect, it was difficult among the writers of that country to find a single vestige which marked the developement of those faculties of mind, which have elegance and beauty for their object. The taste for the theology and logic of the schools, and the spirit of minute and laborious research, continued long after the revival of letters to keep possession of Germany, and effectually to repress the exertions of imagination, or the invention of genius. Even that great event in which Germany had so proud a share, which loosened the shackles from human reason, and vindicated the dignity of man, did not produce the effect of bringing forward the finer faculties of the mind, to which it seemed necessarily to lead. The efforts of Luther, Melancthon, Reuchlin,

lin, and Hutten, were able to break the bands of tyranny and superstition, but little to advance their cotemporaries in refinement.

A few exceptions to the general inactivity in which Germany appears so long to languish, are, however, to be made. The Minnesingers, a species of Troubadours, in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, have vindicated their existence from oblivion, by some works which are said to possess peculiar merit, as those of Reynard der Zeter, and Walter der Vogelweide; and in the later periods which were prior to the shining æra of Haller, some names have reached posterity. Opitz, who preceded Haller by near a century, is even at present able to claim attention and admiration.

Various causes, the concurrence of which continued for so long a time to exert an influence unfriendly to the progress of the finer arts in Germany, are obvious to research. Among the first of these, is that severity of fate, which, from the earliest periods, has visited Germany with a series of destructive wars, of which the local situation has rendered it too opportune a theatre. When the darkness which had so long brooded thick and heavy over Europe, was beginning to disperse, and the exiled Muses once more claiming their native seats, dared to vindicate their pristine honours, this country was visited by few and distant gleams



gleams of mental light, and could offer little shelter or protection to returning science. The influence of the feudal system continuing to operate from local causes for so great a length of time, the anarchy arising from the discordant principles of the Germanic constitution, and the ravages of war raging in the very heart of the empire, rendered Germany no asylum for elegant literature, when just escaping from the long oppression of the dark ages. Causes of this kind, particularly the last, have continued to act, though with diminished powers, even to a late period. As the scattered sovereignties that compose the imperial body, instead of multiplying the patrons of the arts, divided and weakened the power of protection; this circumstance contributed still farther to render the progress of the finer arts precarious, from the want of constant fostering care, and the sunshine of power.

To this was added, a contempt of literature, not difficult to be traced to its proper origin, which for a long time marked the character of the nobles of Germany. These, impressed with ideas of feudal dignity, looked down on the professors of literature as of a lower rank, and little intitled to respect or encouragement: while the man of science, excluded from courts and condemned to obscurity, felt the elevation of learning degraded, and the motives of activity grow languid.

languid. At a time when, from obstacles like these, the progress of Belles Lettres had been weak and tardy among the Germans, they became acquainted with French literature, which had arrived at a state of high elegance and polish. The little efforts they had made before this period became for a time still less; and dazzled with the superior splendor of French Letters, they seemed almost to desert their own language. The decided preference of the great Frederick for the French tongue, and the contempt he so openly expressed for his own, contributed at least partially to keep up a taste so uncongenial to the real spirit of the Germans. Unable to contend in point of harmony and delicacy with the language of the French, the German writers felt their ardor damped, and the native literature was severely checked by the introduction of the foreign riches of another tongue.

Thus, for a long and barren period, the Muses of Germany slumbered in useless inactivity, while the spirit of patient investigation, or laborious industry seemed effectually to have extinguished the efforts of imagination, and the enthusiasm of the fine arts. The few and short exertions of native genius, which at intervals blazed for a moment, only marked more forcibly the surrounding darkness. But the opening of the present century, ushered in the dawn of that splendor which was at  
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last to dispel the graceful shade that had so long hovered over Germany. The venerable names of Haller, and his cotemporaries, stand first on that list of fame which vindicates the Germans from the reproach of deficiency in inventive talents. The call went forth which was to rouse the sleeping genius of the nation from the lethargy of ages. An emulative spirit seemed to pervade the succession of writers that followed; and the creative wit of Wieland, the deep pathos of Lessing and Schiller, the tender simplicity of Gesner, and the fiery enthusiasm of Goethe, began to disclose themselves. The brilliant æra was established in which the Germans saw the foundation of their literary glory secured, and looked forward, in well-founded confidence, to the speedy approach of that time when they should be enabled to contest the palm of fame with the proudest of those nations who would once have thought themselves disgraced by the very competition.

H.

No. 6.—TUESDAY, *April 13, 1790.*

*Natura sublimis & acer  
Nam spirat tragicum satis & feliciter audit.*

HOR.

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AMONG the various exertions of human ingenuity, which please while they instruct, dramatic poetry has from the earliest times claimed the nearest interest in the heart, and exerted a power over the mind, the most universally acknowledged. The other species of composition, which call up before us all the variegated graces of Nature's beauties, which wanton in the luxuriance of description, and emulate the vividness of truth itself in the painting of narration, are necessarily weak and languid in effect, when compared with that poetic delusion, which places in our view the spectacle of man himself, man, acting and suffering. Mind is here the higher nobler object. It is the secret workings of those powers, by which a human soul is swayed or shaken

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men to its foundation, the drama discloses to our eyes. Seizing the transient and ever-changing colours of passion, the momentary almost evanescent shades of mental emotion, it fixes and embodies the fleeting scene, in one great picture, for our warning or instruction. In representations of this nature, the tragic drama has ever held the highest station. Greater in its subject, as including all the stronger motives of the soul, and more interesting to the heart, as connected with the sources of human sorrow and calamity, it has left comedy only the inferior province of correcting folly by ridicule, and fixing on those less dignified and humbler passions, which, though not unproductive of a certain distress and intricacy, are little related to terror or pity. But it is not alone as subservient to the pleasures of mankind, or as claiming a rank among the loftier efforts of mental activity, that the tragic muse presents herself to notice. She assumes a weightier office, without which the tear of pity is vain and sterile, and the passions taught to move without an end. In her proper post, her voice is that of the instructress of mankind, the moderatrix of passion, the scourge of vice. Considering in this light, the importance and utility of tragic composition augments with the increase of the power of pleasing. The appeal to the heart gives irresistible energy to the precepts of wisdom. Nor was it without foundation,

foundation, that the great Stagyrīte pronounced a perfect tragedy the noblest work of human intellect.

From causes like these, an attention to the drama, particularly tragedy, has usually kept pace with the civilization of nations, and has presented in general no inadequate standard, by which to judge of manners and refinement.

An acquaintance with French tragedy has long been universal among the students of polite literature in this island. But the diffusion of this knowledge has, on the subject of tragic poetry, been attended with little congeniality of sentiment in the two countries. The sarcasms of Voltaire and his adherent sufficiently shew, with what aversion a nation, of which the delicacy was vitiated almost to disease by excessive refinement, regarded the rough energy with which the genius of the English drama shot wild and unconstrained. And the Englishman has generally turned with disgust or inattention from the polished artifice and laboured declamation of the French theatre, to feast with double rapture on nature and passion in the pages of his own Shakspeare. A new and untried field still presents itself; the tragedy of a great, old and original people has long lain in that undeserved shade of obscurity, which in this country surrounds the real brilliancy of the last æra of German literature. In some measure to contribute

contribute to bring forward a subject which has yet claimed but little of the respect and public notice it deserves, some remarks on the tragedy of the Germans, and the spirit of their principal dramatic writers, will be offered. By interweaving these with general observations on the tragedy of other nations, the rank they are entitled to hold in tragic poetry will be more easily estimated, and the judgment of others facilitated by comparison.

The peculiar circumstances which so long tended to check the progress of Belles Lettres in Germany, have already been noticed. Their tragedy, from the general causes of retardation, appeared at a very late period, and under a shape little indicative of the strength and vigor, which were to mark its later and more improved stage. From a beginning of the utmost rudeness, it gradually assumed the shape which in the hands of Goëthe, Lessing and Schiller, has appeared so respectable and interesting. The earlier efforts of the German stage bear the strongest resemblance to our own mysteries, and like them only afford a picture of the slow gradations by which the human mind rises from ignorance and depression to intellectual light and vigor. The religious origin of the drama must in most nations be still the same. The spirit which pervades these ruder sketches is chiefly that of laborious tameness,

ness, presenting few vestiges of that bold and natural pencil with which their modern delineations of the human soul are drawn. The fire and animation of their tragedy did not manifest itself till a much later period. The co-operation of many causes laid the foundation of the present prevailing genius of German tragedy.

The interest of our nation in the tragic writing of the Germans will probably increase, when they know the rank which Shakspeare holds in their estimation, and that probably much of the present taste in the German drama owes its origin to an acquaintance with our immortal poet, whose works, at no great distance of time, were received with all the avidity that a congeniality of thought, with deep and keen perception of his merit could produce. Some of their tragedies are written in professed imitation of Shakspeare, as Goëthé's singular tragedy of *Goëtz von Berlichingen*; and a wildness and irregularity, to be traced to this source is general in the modern compositions. Goëthé himself has made many enthusiasts, and added not a little to the turn for elevating and surprising, which marks so many German productions of later times.

To Lessing the German tragedy is indebted for an attempt to unite the beauties of art with the energies of natural fire and spirit. Elegance and neatness of diction, beauty of cadence, correctness,



readness, chastity and regularity, are joined in his Emilia Galotti, to high strength and warmth of conception. The last productions of Schiller, as well as some other pieces sufficiently shew, that the German tragedy may have its wildness and irregularity polished down, without sacrificing its essential excellencies.

In endeavouring to acquire a clear and distinct idea of the peculiar spirit of the German stage, it is evident no small assistance may be derived from comparing it with some other. Although the Genius of the English drama bears the greatest analogy to that of the Germans, and has in common with it innumerable beauties as well as imperfections; a comparison which is to point out and mark with precision the distinctive features of this species of tragedy, will be most advantageously instituted by bringing into opposition that of the French.

When we consider the nature of those agents, which tragedy employs, to produce a certain effect upon the mind, they seem properly to resolve themselves into the two provinces of art and nature. To make a perfect tragedy, the union of both is necessary; but such perfection has hardly yet appeared. According to the genius of nations, and a variety of moral causes, the tragic poetry of different countries has sought for effect by one of these names, commonly to

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the impolitic exclusion of the other. To conciliate the judgment by strict attention to the unities; to arrest the ear by the exquisite polish of diction, or the music of versification, to charm the senses by declamatory eloquence, to suspend the mind in anxiety and terror by the intricate involution of plots, are powers, for which tragedy is indebted to the assistance of art, and this effect has ever increased with the progress of refinement, and the improvement of art and ingenuity. But to place the human mind in action before our eyes, to convey the struggles of glowing passions in the strong language of the heart; to melt with pity, to shake with terror; to be great, sublime, affecting, is a province where nature rules alone.

From this division two distinct forms of tragedy will result. The grand characteristic feature of difference between the German and French stage is, that in the former the natural expression of passion, in the latter art and exquisite refinement, predominate. It is on the strong and vivid delineation of mental emotion, that the merits of the German stage may safely be rested; often full of the grossest truths, and violating every rule, their tragedy moves the soul, seizes the attention, wakes vivid curiosity, terror and pity; the master-strings of the human soul are touched in every scene, and though often with too rude a hand,

hand, the feelings acknowledge the influence. This is the animating spirit, that gives life and energy to the tragic drama; without its presence all other aids are feeble, play round the head, but come not near the heart. It is not cold approbation, not the mere reasoning verdict of judgment, this species of poetry is to claim. The breast must be moved, agitated, torn; the author must cease to speak, to exist; his soul must be transfused into the fictitious personages of his drama; the delusion must be perfect, and a new creation rising before our eyes claim all our interest and sympathy; melt the heart with the softness of passion, or shake the soul with grateful terrors.

To those conversant with dramatic criticism, it is needless to say, that this effect can only be gained by imitating mental emotion, never by describing it. The French writers who, as Voltaire has confessed, are afraid of being too tragic, have almost uniformly adopted the description of passion, in those situations on which they rest the pathos of their scene. Our own Shakespeare has ever sought for effect in the strong and bold imitation of the passion itself. In this, as in many other respects, the German and English poets are related. They both aim at this high excellence, though both with too little regard for subordinate and assistant beauties.

The chastity and regularity of the Greek tragedy has been the professed object of imitation to many of the French dramatic writers. From this circumstance, and the general celebrity of the Greek tragedians, some observations on these ancient painters of the human heart can hardly be considered as misplaced, and will assist us much in estimating the proper excellence of the moderns. A late writer of eminence has told the world, "that in the Greek tragedy the subjects are of the simplest kind, and such as call forth the passions, only in their most ordinary exertions; that there is no intricate or delicate situation, to occasion any singular emotion; no gradual swelling and subsiding of passion, and seldom any conflict between different passions." Such is the cool language held by the author of the *Elements of Criticism*, on a subject so interesting. A similar idea, with respect to the spirit of the Greek tragedy, appears to influence the French imitators. That the ancient tragic drama was often more active than sentimental, will be readily granted. But passages in every page of Sophocles and Euripides, are in direct opposition to these opinions, exhibiting the highest emotions, and changes of exquisite passion, in the most vivid and energetic colouring. The soliloquy in the *Medea* of Euripides over her children,



᾽Ω τέκνα τέκνα τέκνα σφῶν μὲν ἐστὶ δὴ πολλοί.

᾽Καὶ δῶμ' κ. τ. λ.

is one instance, selected from innumerable others, which not only proves, that in the Greek, as in the German and English tragedy, the higher emotions of the mind are ever presented to us, by immediate imitation, but even suggests some astonishment at the learned critic's assertion. A situation the most singular and terrible, the struggles of a mind labouring to agony with the conflict of every savage, every tender passion, expressed in the short, broken, desultory language of natural emotion, mark this interesting dramatic picture, which might rival some of the best exertions of Shakespeare himself.

H.

No. 7.—SATURDAY, April 17, 1790.

*Quid iste fert tumultus? Aut quid omnium  
Vultus in unum me truces?*

HORATIUS.

What can this hideous noise intend,  
On me what ghastly looks they bend?

FRANCIS.

I Shall now, in conformity with the promise which I lately made my readers, introduce the following Ode to Superstition, illustrative of the idea entertained in the last Number of throwing the two species into immediate contrast.

### ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

What dreadful shape was that; yon dismal cry  
Strikes cold my flutt'ring soul,  
O God! some livid face and deadly eye  
Seems mid the dark to roll.  
Avaunt! 'tis Superstition's horrid gloom,  
Delusive clouds the mind,  
Demon accurst! from Nature's shadowy womb  
Of miscreated kind;

Of

Of ghastly Fear and darkest Midnight born,  
Far in a blasted dale  
Mid Lapland's woods and noisome wastes forlorn,  
Where lurid hags the Moon's pale orbit hail.  
In the drear depth of such dim pathless shade,  
The stream of infant blood  
Damps the blue flame, and o'er th' unhallow'd  
glade

Hell's deepest darkness frowns the conscious wood.

Round the wither'd witches go,  
Mutt'ring death and dismal woe,  
On their uncouth features dire  
Gleams the pale and livid fire :  
The charm begins, now arise  
Shadows foul and piercing cries,  
Storm and tempest loud assail,  
Beating wind and rattling hail,  
Thus within th' infernal wood,  
Dance they round the bubbling blood,  
Till the rite ended, then they fly  
To taint the breath of yonder sky,  
Where on the desert vast, and boundless wild,  
Mid the lightning's livid glare,  
Or at the balmy close of evening mild,  
They're seen to glide athwart th' affrighted air.  
Hence from my bosom, all thy visions hence !  
In the deep silent hour  
When Terror hov'ring o'er each active sense  
Impregnates Fancy's power :

Then rise strange spectres to the shudd'ring view,  
With horrid stare,  
And gliding float upon the noxious dew,  
And howling rend the air.  
Oft near yon leaf-clad solitary fane,  
Whilst morn yet clasps the night,  
Some Ghost is heard to sound his clanking chain,  
Beheld mid moon-beam pale and dead to sight:  
Nor less unfrequent the lone trav'ller hears  
The sullen-sounding bell,  
And the dim-lighted tower awakes to fears  
Of haunted mansion, brake, or darkling dell.

Haste thee Superstition, fly!

Perish this thy sorcery!

Why in these Gorgon terrors clad  
But to affright, afflict the bad,  
'Tis thee, O Goddess! thee I hail,  
Of Hesper born and Cynthia pale,  
That wont the same rude name to bear,  
Yet gentle all, and void of fear:  
O come, in Fancy's garb array'd,  
In all her lovely forms display'd,  
And o'er the Poet's melting soul  
Bid the sweet tide of rapture roll  
To dying music, warbling gales,  
Mid moonlight scenes and woody vales,  
Where Elves, and Fays, and Sprites disport,  
And nightly keep their festive court;

There,



There, mid the pearly flood of light,  
In tincts cerulean richly dight,  
Light-sporting o'er the trembling green,  
Glance they quick thro' the magic scene,  
And from the sparkling moss receive,  
Shed by the fragrant hand of eve,  
The silver dew, of matchless pow'r,  
To guard from harm at midnight hour,  
The lonely wight, who, lost from far,  
Views not one friendly guiding star,  
Or one kind lowly cottage door  
To point his track across the moor ;  
Whilst the storm howling, tells his mind,  
Some spirit rides the northern wind,  
And 'plaining, mourns his cruel doom,  
On tempest hurl'd, and wintry gloom :  
Oft too, at eve's warm-tinted ray,  
The ling'ring blush of youthful day,  
Pensive, sweet, seraphic lays,  
Soft-warbling wake the note of praise,  
Heard the echoing hills among  
Repeating wild the heav'nly song,  
Till lost in ether floats away  
The last, faint, murm'ring vocal lay ;  
These on the lonely bard attend,  
With him the mountain's side ascend,  
Or in the valley's lowly plain,  
Rapturous breathe the melting strain ;

These lift his soul beyond its clime,  
To daring flights of thought sublime,  
Where, warm'd by Fancy's brightest fire,  
He boldly sweeps the sounding lyre.  
Come then, with wild-flowers, come array'd,  
O Superstition, magic maid!  
And welcome then, suggesting pow'r!  
At evening close or midnight hour.

N.

No. 8.—TUESDAY, April 20, 1790.

*L'amante per haver, quel che desia  
Senza guardar che Dio tutt' ode, e vede,  
Avviluppa promesse, e giuramento  
Che tutti spargon poi per l'aria i venti.*

ARIOSTO.

---

## E P I S T L E.

### ARGUMENT.

“ HAVING by every insidious art, overcame her virtue, he persuaded her to leave her father's house; and soon after, sated with possession, deserted her in the midst of poverty and every species of human distress. After a variety of fruitless appeals to the humanity of her seducer, she sunk under the complicated horror of her situation, and dying addressed him in a letter replete with the agitation and changes of passion inspired by such an awful moment.”

ANON.

HOPE-

HOPELESS and lost, by wounding anguish  
torn,

Dead to each joy, of every tie forlorn,  
Here as awhile in struggling Nature's strife,  
I linger trembling on the brink of life,  
To thee, whose specious guile, whose cruel art,  
First wrung with sorrow's pang a peaceful heart,  
First taught these grief-worn eyes with tears to  
flow,

And dash'd my cup with bitterness and woe,  
Whose guilt a fond confiding breast betray'd,  
Then triumph'd o'er the wretch itself had made,  
Ah! vainly once believ'd my love, my friend,  
To thee these last sad faltering lines I send.

Nor start that hand, so valued once to view;  
I come not scorn'd intreaties to renew,

With fruitless agony to sue again,

Again to shrink beneath thy cold disdain!

Ah no! by anguish, shame, and grief o'ercome  
At last I sink; I hasten to the tomb.

In still despair, death's dread approach I wait,  
Nor vainly struggle to avert my fate.

Alas! when each returning day supplies

But lengthened woe, and change of miseries;

When each sad night in horrors arm'd appears,

And steals my thorny couch in burning tears;

While on my fame the fangs of slander prey,

And malice hunts me from the face of day,

While



While keen remorse, with aggravated smart,  
Wounds all within, and gnaws upon my heart;  
Can hope's own smile one cheering moment give,  
Or rouse the lingering coward wish, to live?  
The thought is agony, the shadowy gloom  
Of death alone can shroud my shame, the tomb  
That last sad harbour, waits me, there my woes  
Shall rest in awful night, and drear repose.  
That heart condemned so long to pine forlorn,  
To dread thy frown, and sicken at thy scorn;  
The lingering pang of cheated hope to prove,  
To agonize with rage, and melt with love;  
No more with passion's burning throb shall glow,  
No more shall wither in corroding woe;  
But cold in dust, from wounding anguish free,  
At last in death forget to doat on thee.  
And when a victim thus, before my time,  
I sink in blushing youth's luxuriant prime,  
When lost, unknown, without a friend to save,  
These once lov'd beauties glut the yawning grave;  
Perhaps one sigh may burst, tho' now too late,  
In vain regret for my untimely fate;  
Thy hate appeas'd, may mourn my early doom,  
Nor wound my dust forgotten in the tomb,  
Relenting heaven itself my tears may move,  
And pangs like mine atone one crime of love.  
Yet ere the grasp of death my limbs invade,  
And my eyes darken in eternal shade;

Ere

Ere from my view life's fading vision flee,  
I pour my soul in bitterness to thee.  
Source of my woes, and author of my fall,  
In this tremendous hour on thee I call;  
If pity yet survive, here turn thy eye,  
Survey the scene, behold thy victim die.  
Here, while oppress'd by fury, love, despair,  
My breast a thousand mad'ning passions tear,  
Whilst sunk aghast at death's involving gloom,  
The trembling spirit deprecates her doom;  
Struggling too late with guilt's so'erwhelming force,  
By fruitless penitence and vain remorse;  
In horror waits, that last convulsive sigh,  
'That one dread pang which rends each earthly  
tie;

Alas, in this sad hour the prospect drear,  
What joy can brighten, or what comfort cheer?  
O'er the black scene shall faintly innocence  
Her light display, and peaceful calms dispense?  
On hov'ring wing shall soothing Hope be near;  
And sounds celestial bless my closing ear?  
Shall Virtue point to opening bliss above?  
No thankless traitor, these I lost for love.  
For love of thee I lost them; thee, whose hate  
Now scorns my mem'ry, and insults my fate:  
Thy crimes which first, so angry Heav'n ordain'd,  
With guilt a breast once pure and spotless stain'd;  
Blasted the promise of my opening bloom,  
And crush'd these fatal beauties to the tomb;

Pursue

Pursue me even here, my parting breath  
Embitter; strew with thorns the bed of death;  
Blot out the prospect of the realms of day,  
And tear the last sad lingering hopes away.  
What pitying breast shall lenient aid impart,  
To sooth the pangs that tear his breaking heart;  
What anxious friend shall watch the bed of death,  
Or fondly catch the last expiring breath?  
The struggling soul with fond compassion cheer,  
Or grace my parting spirit with a tear?  
What pious hand compose with tender care  
My cold remains, and decent rites prepare?  
Alas, of every tie by thee bereft,  
For me no home, no friends, no parents left;  
On every hand, despair alone I see,  
And the throng'd world a wilderness to me.  
Curs'd be the hour when, by that tongue betray'd,  
I left the refuge of the rural shade,  
And scorn'd (a victim to thy fatal charms)  
The peaceful circle of a parent's arms.  
Ah! cheering beams of innocence and truth,  
How bright ye dawned upon my rising youth,  
In the mild lustre of your cloudless ray,  
How sweet my early moments pass'd away,  
While as I raptur'd trod the fairy ground,  
Hope's brilliant landscape open'd all around;  
Till rising like a noxious mist unseen,  
Guilt dimm'd your light and darkened all the  
scene.

Then

Then no fierce passion, shook my placid breast,  
No gnawing care deprived my soul of rest,  
No sorrow then could dim my sparkling eye,  
Or force the roses of my cheeks to fly,  
From every balmy breeze, I courted health,  
While sweet contentment held the place of wealth,  
Joy crown'd the day, soft slumbers blest the night,  
For virtue winged each moment with delight.  
Alas, thrice happy! had the pitying skies  
Concealed that form for ever from my eyes;  
The worm of grief had spar'd my opening bloom,  
Nor sunk my youth to wither in the tomb.  
Oh love! when first thy roses wreath'd my head,  
And each gay hour transported pleasure led,  
When fancy's magic to my cheated view,  
Drew scenes of bliss and raptures ever new,  
Could my fond soul in that extatic hour,  
Blest as I thought beyond misfortune's power,  
Expect for these the sad reverse to prove  
Of wounding scorn and unrequited love?  
Ah! no, deluded wretch, I thought too sure  
My joys unfading, and my bliss secure;  
Ev'n now, in all their former warmth confess  
The long-lost visions fill my glowing breast;  
With ev'ry charm that form again appears,  
Thy soft vows vibrate on my ravish'd ears;  
Again thy swimming eyes thy passion tell,  
Again enraptured on thy lips I dwell?  
Again---Ah fleeting rapture! short liv'd joy!  
Far other scenes, my wretched soul employ;

Rous'd



Rous'd from my dream of bliss, I keener know  
The sad reality of waking woe.

Could this dread hour by thy false eyes sur-  
vey'd,

Present the havoc thy dark guilt has made,  
Remorse and shame might wring that stony  
heart,

And save some other victim from thy art.

Behold my parents, how with gestures wild,

Frantic with grief, they mourn their ruined  
child;

See crush'd with sorrow, prostrate on the  
earth,

The venerable forms that gave me birth;

See, stung by rankling woe too keen to bear,

They rend their silver locks in fierce despair;

Hark! while the drops of agony they shed,

They weary Heaven with curses on thy head;

Hark, those long groans, those deep convulsive  
sighs,

Groans from a bursting heart, a parent dies.

Behold me, helpless, wretched, and forlorn,

The mark of infamy, the sport of scorn.

See how, by misery's with'ring grasp o'ercome,

My fading beauties hasten to the tomb;

How lost to all, no friendly aid to save,

I sink unpitied to an early grave.

Here while deserted and unwept I die,

Here, cruel spoiler, glut thy savage eye.

Go,

Go, triumph o'er a heart by love betrayed  
And crush to dust a father's rev'rend head;  
Go, while thy crime unpunished Heaven allows,  
Laugh truth to scorn, and mock thy broken  
vows;

And, while my breast remorse and anguish tear,  
To that false bosom strain some happier fair,  
Who, while her flushing cheek with rapture  
glows,

Enjoys my tortures and insults my woes;  
But yet exult not, traitor! if the smile  
Of fortune still is thine, if for a while  
The stern unerring eye of justice sleep,  
Tis but the measure of thy crimes to heap.  
Ev'n while my rival with triumphant charms  
Beholds thee circled in her glowing arms,  
O'er all thy soul while boundless pleasure  
reigns,

Thy heart beats quick and rapture thrills thy  
veins,

Stern conscience may uprear her snaky crest,  
And dead'ning terrors chill thy perjur'd breast;  
Ev'n then, with horrors arm'd, remorse may  
stand

To dash the cup of transport from thy hand.  
Insulted Heaven! why sleeps the blasting storm,  
Why lingers justice, on that impious form!  
O, great avenger! pour thy wrath divine,  
And mix his lot with bitterness like mine:

At last awak'd to rage, O haste to shed  
Thy choicest, fiercest vengeance on his head;  
In his own fate, my suff'rings let him see,  
And learn from torture how to feel for me.  
Ah! idle rage, in vain my soul I arm,  
With all her wrongs to break the fatal charm;  
While stung with smarting grief beyond con-  
troul,

In agony of woe I pour my soul,  
And my wild lips the words of madness show'r,  
I feel this rebel bosom own thy pow'r.  
Ev'n while the ebbing springs of life decay,  
Still lingering passion keeps her wonted sway,  
Still in the arms of death, that once loved  
name,

Thrills every nerve, and wakes the fatal flame;  
Shrin'd in my soul, thy image still I see,  
And this deluded heart still beats for thee.  
O come, e'er life's expiring lamp decay,  
While yet the hov'ring soul her flight delay;  
Ere Death's dull hand forbid my closing ear,  
Once more the music of that voice to hear;  
O come, while yet these dying eyes can gaze,  
And my arms strain thee in a last embrace;  
With lenient accents mitigate my doom,  
Cheer the sad prospect of the dreary tomb.  
And, when sustain'd by thee, content with  
death,

In those lov'd arms I yield my struggling breath,  
And

And darkness tears thee from my gazing eye,  
 Let thy dear hands the decent rites supply,  
 And thou in pity bending o'er my bier,  
 Grace my cold reliques with a tender tear.



No. 9.—SATURDAY, April 24, 1790.

*Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt,  
Et quocunque volunt animum auditoris agunt.*

HOR.

---

IN the tragedy of the Germans little or no declamation finds a place. The genius of the people is inimical to it, and the pathetic effect of their pieces has gained in consequence. The little power of declamation, however lofty and poetical, to move the heart, the best French plays sufficiently testify. The eloquence in which the characters, groaning beneath the stroke of calamity, picture their feelings, and ornament their sorrows, impresses a species of languid admiration; but we hear with our curiosity little awakened, our warmer emotions and interest nearly dormant. To what cause is this apathy to be referred? The sentiments are lofty, the diction poetical,  
the

the piece exactly modelled according to rule. Art indeed has done its part, but the cause will easily be found in the violation of nature. At all periods nature is the same; Shakespeare and Sophocles have in similar situations employed a language, short, simple, and abrupt, or silence more eloquent than words, to paint the workings of the human heart, oppressed and broken by misery. When Othello at last receives the damning proof of perfidy where he had garnered up his soul; or Romeo is thunderstruck by the death of Juliet; when the wife and children of Macduff are at one blow cut off; and the heart of Lear rent by filial ingratitude, we find no declamation, no idle pomp of words. The man is brought before our view; intolerable agony mocks the power of utterance, and freezes up the springs of speech, till at last the incoherence of high-wrought emotion, the simple strokes of nature, "He has no children;"—"I gave you all," burst forth amidst the storm and conflict of passions. The poet vanishes, it is Macduff or Lear himself that has made an interest in our breasts, him alone, we see, we hear, and our heartfelt tears declare the conviction of reality.

This interest can alone support the illusion of tragedy, which in itself is weak and impotent. Without this the attention is every moment called to improbability and incongruity. The vivid

picture

ture of character and passion arrests the soul, or suffers the minuteness of cool examination to be active.

The leap of Gloucester from the fictitious cliff of Dover, or the ludicrous battles of imaginary armies, would shock credulity, or move contemptuous laughter; but the attention is borne down in the mighty torrent of emotion, and the mind, dazzled by the blaze of genius, loses sight of impropriety in sympathy and wonder.

The tragedy of the Greeks was from its nature and origin more prone to declamation and contentious dogmatism than that of the moderns. The philosophy of old, did not disdain an alliance with the Tragic Muse, but not unfrequently sought to smooth the harshness of instruction by the graces of poetry, and the allurements of the stage. On this account the ancient tragedy is marked with moral and didactic features, against which our theatrical ideas are little apt to revolt. But when smarting under the anguish of passion, when bowed down by the hand of misery, the characters of Sophocles and Euripides still are men; all pomp of diction, all declamatory dignity is laid aside, and the language of the heart, unartificial and simple, appears in their place. Jocasta when discovering at once the horror of her fate and that of Oedipus, she abandons herself  
to

to desperate fury, utters only two pathetic lines, and hurries abruptly from the scene.

Ἰὸ, ἔ' δύσηνέ τ' ἔτο γάρ σ' ἔχω

Μόνον προσεῖπεν, ἄλλο δ' ἔποθ' ὕπερον.

With similar brevity and equal artfulness does the unhappy Oedipus express the feelings of that tremendous moment, when, suddenly cast down from the exultation of innocence, he sees incest and parricide heaped on his devoted head. In this simplicity the French have little imitated their Grecian models. Some of their poets, like our own Lee, have only found in painting the same situation, an opportunity for eloquent expostulation or subtle reasoning. The Oedipus of Corneille and that of Seneca are equally faulty.

Nature herself seems to have dictated the little dialogue in the *Electra* of the same poet; when a beloved brother, the avenger of his father's sinking house, is discovered to a sister, who had devoted herself to sorrow for his supposed death.

Ορ. τήνδε προσέλεψα μὲ

σφραγίδα πατρὸς ἔκμαθ' ἐν σαφὴ λέγω

Ηλ. ὦ φίλτατον φῶρ.

Ορ. φίλτατον συμμάρτυρ.

Ηλ. ὦ φθίγμ' ἄφικε

Ορ. μηκέτ' ἄλλ' ἔθεν πύθη

Ηλ. ἔχω σὲ χερσίν.

Ορ. ὡς τάλοιπ' εἰς αἰεί.



The Oedipus Coloneus furnishes another instance of the profound knowledge in the human heart possessed by the ancient tragedians. In this piece, Polynices, reduced to the extremity of distress, and seeks assistance against a brother from a parent. Instead of the expected aid, he receives from the mouth of an irritated father the dreadful execration which devotes him to the infernal gods, and hears the solemn and inevitable prediction of his miserable death.

The answer is in a strain of simple pathos, perhaps hardly ever equalled, except by Lear's "Pray do not mock me," &c.

Οἱ μοι κ' λευθε τῆς τ' ἐμῆς δυσπραξίας

Οἱ μοι δ' ἑταίρων. κ. τ. λ.

The whole scene, from the conference of Polynices and Oedipus to the tender dialogue of Antigone and her brother, is a delineation of contrasted emotions, a mixture of the terrible and tender of the most touching kind, and sufficient of itself completely to vindicate the Greek stage from the reproach of want of passion.

Such are the coincidences which the imitation of Nature produces in periods and situations the most distant. After these perhaps digressional remarks, the more direct comparison of the French and German stage offers itself to our attention.

E

As

As highly finished dramatic poems, the French tragedies have, in the hands of Crebillon, Voltaire, Racine and Corneille, attained to no small degree of excellence. Uniting high propriety and exact decorum to polished versification and eloquence, they claim no small portion of our approbation. But the appeal is to the head and not to the heart. Poetical, elevated, and regular, they do all but affect; they produce praise without sympathy, and while they gratify the judgment on cold examination, they are little adequate to arrest attention, or rouse that strong emotion which is the soul of the drama. In them the scenes which should be most interesting, suggest the elegance, the softness, the delicacy of the poet, of whom we are unable to lose sight, while we are little or not at all involved in that delusion on which the force and spirit of the scene depends. The mind revolts in disgust and incredulity when it finds the pang of distress suggesting only a happy turn of expression, and the fullness of passion evaporating in the laboured artifice of eloquence. The German tragedy, as it participates, at present, but little in the peculiar excellences of the French drama, is also not liable to the reproach of its defects.

With rough majestic force they move the heart,  
And strength and nature make amends for art.

The

The influence of the manners of a nation on their poetry, has pervaded the French tragedy, and softened down the strength and discrimination of character to the refined standard of modern gallantry. The rough unbending hero of the earlier ages of Greece or Rome, disgusts us but too often on their stage, with the artificial manners of the most polished times, and the verbiage of a petit maitre in love. The comparative roughness of the German manner, is not without its advantages in preserving the energetic distinctions of character, and communicating a certain prominence of feature, which, though sometimes liable to degenerate into harshness, contributes highly to dramatic effect and interest. The stronger delineations of passion are on the French stage either cautiously avoided or artfully softened down, and shaded. The more terrible struggles which lay waste and desolate the human breast are kept back, and the more romantic difficulties of love, the animating spirit of so many of their pieces, often support the interest, and create the whole distress of the scenes meant to be the most pathetic. The German drama, more daring, aims commonly at the expression and imitation of the higher fiercer emotions. Never fearful like the French of being too tragic, the strongest delineations of passion, the most daring images, and unusual combinations are hazarded. Energy in  
E 2 conception,

conception, and force in expression, are the objects which are considered as well attained by the sacrifice of lesser and softer beauties. Hence the German tragedy is little marked by the refined and subtle reasonings, which, spun out into dialogue, supply so often the place of action on the French theatre. A disquisition on the application of verse to tragedy would be here misplaced: some remarks of Voltaire point out that he considered versification and rhyme as nearly essential to that of the French. These ornaments have little heightened the labour or diminished the strength of the modern tragedies of the Germans. These are almost all in prose, but of a species which neither neglects the elegance of structure or the harmony of cadence. Some of the more interesting features of comparison, between the French and German Muse of tragedy, have now been traced. Taken as a whole, the French tragic drama is the perfection of elaborate refinement; all is soft and regular, every harshness smoothed, and even the minutest parts brilliant with the exquisite polish of art and labour. In the German, refined nicety and the praise of regularity is little sought for; but a picture, strong, though sometimes harsh, of the powers of unfettered genius, artlessly and vigorously exerted in the boldest strokes of passion and feeling, is ever presented.

The



The French may be compared to one of their own regular parterres, shining with flowers artificially disposed by the hand of elegant industry, where labour has exhausted his powers to repress luxuriant exuberance and subdue the whole to one standard of symmetry and uniformity.

The German has a resemblance to those romantic landscapes in which the spirit of Rosa delighted, where nature, shooting wild and strong, wantons in terrible graces, and displays without constraint her powers and energy in rude but affecting state; sometimes perhaps exciting sensations more forcible than pleasant, or liable to degenerate into savageness too uncultivated, but always moving the passions, always exciting the strong interest of the heart.

In the sketch here given of German tragedy, it has been endeavoured to mark its peculiarities, by touching the more general excellences and defects by which it is distinguished. These, as somewhat connected with the beauties and imperfections of our own stage, claim an interest in the breast of an English reader. A more particular examination of distinct writers naturally follows this view of the spirit which is common to the tragic poetry of the Germans: out of a variety of authors in this line of composition, a selection of three will answer the end of criticism.

These are Goëthe, Lessing, and Schiller, who all occupy provinces of the drama very distinct from each other. Leisewitz, the author of a fine tragedy, Julius von Tarent; Garstenberg, whose Ugolino and Minona have excited so much admiration; Unzer, Klinger, and many others would claim their share of attention in a regular history of the German tragedy. They must necessarily be passed over in a criticism of this nature, of which it is the only ambition, by presenting outlines, however rude, of a subject little known, to shew that the inattention which German literature has experienced amongst us, has narrowed the limits of elegant knowledge, and prevented the access of many sources of refined amusement.

Before the attention of the reader is called to a more particular examination of the selected authors, a few remarks on some peculiar productions of a poet, whose genius is with so much justice revered in Germany, will not be here misplaced. Many pieces which from their dramatic nature and tragical action belong to the present enquiry, are the offspring of the sublime and creative muse of Klopstock. These are little calculated for theatric exhibitions, but glow with the fire of a powerful genius; and are animated by the loftiest spirit of the drama. Among the dramatic poems of Klopstock, the subjects of some are taken from  
the

the sacred writings. The Death of Adam is marked by great strength and energy, and rises in many parts to the terrible and sublime. The national and captivating themes of the times of old, when the fierce unconquered German struggled for freedom with the masters of the world, have furnished subjects for three more poems, by the author of the *Messias*, which combine the character and interest of the drama with the licence of lyric poetry. Assuming the fire and enthusiasm of the old Etruscan bards, the poet gives full scope to the wildness of a glowing imagination, and the grandeur of forcible conception, while he paints the exploits or sings the death of Herman, the bulwark of German liberty. The spirit of these pieces suggest the wish that Klopstock had added one more laurel to his fame, by giving the world a regular tragedy.

H.

No. 10.—TUESDAY, *April 27, 1790.*

*Nox, et Diana, quæ silentium regis,  
Nunc, nunc adeste.*

— HORATIUS.

Ye powers of darkness and of hell,  
Propitious to the magic spell,  
Who rule in silence o'er the night,  
Be present now. —————

FRANCIS.

---

TOWARDS the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII. sir Gawen, a man of some fortune and considerable curiosity, fond of enterprize and insatiate of knowledge, travelled through the northern counties of England. The following singular adventure is still extant among the family writings, and is still recorded by his posterity. It was towards sunset (saith the manuscript) when sir Gawen, after having traversed a very lone and unfrequented part, arrived at the edge of a thick and dark forest; the sky was suddenly overcast, and it began to rain, the thunder rolled at a distance, and sheets of livid lightning flashed across



across the heath. Overcome with fatigue and hunger he rode impatiently along the borders of the forest, in hopes of discovering an entrance, but none was to be found. At length, just as he was about to dismount with an intention of breaking the fence, he discerned, as he thought, something moving upon the heath, and, upon advancing towards it, it proved to be an old woman gathering peat, and who, overtaken by the storm, was hurrying home as fast as her infirm limbs could carry her. The sight of a human creature filled the heart of sir Gawen with joy, and hastily riding up, he enquired how far he had deviated from the right road, and where he could procure a night's lodging. The old woman now slowly lifted up her palsied head, and discovered a set of features which could scarcely be called human; her eyes were red, piercing and distorted, and, rolling horribly, glanced upon every object but the person by whom she was addressed, and, at intervals, they emitted a fiery disagreeable light; her hair, of a dirty grey, hung matted with filth in large masses upon her shoulders, and a few thin portions rushed abrupt and horizontally from the upper part of her forehead, which was much wrinkled, and of a parchment hue; her cheeks were hollow, withered, and red with a quantity of acrid rheum, her nose was large, prominent and sharp, her

lips thin, skinny, and livid, her few teeth black, and her chin long and peaked, with a number of bushy hairs deepening from its extremity; her nails also were acute, crooked and bent over her fingers, and her garments ragged and fluttering in the wind, displayed every possible variety of colour. The knight was a little daunted, but the old woman having mentioned a dwelling at some distance, and offering to lead the way, the pleasure received from this piece of news effaced the former impression, and getting from his horse, he laid hold of the bridle, and they slowly moved over the heath. The storm had now ceased, and the moon rising gave presage of a fine night, just as the old woman, taking a sudden turn, plunged into the wood by a path narrow, and almost choaked up with a quantity of briar and thorn. The trees were thick, and save a few glimpses of the moon which now and then poured light on the uncouth features of his companion, all was dark and dismal; the heart of sir Gawen misgave him, neither spoke, and the knight pursued his guide merely by the noise she made in hurrying through the bushes, which was done with a celerity totally inconsistent with her former decrepitude. At length the path grew wider, and a faint blue light, which came from a building at some distance, glimmered before them; they now left the wood and issued upon a rocky and uneven

uneven piece of ground, the moon struggling through a cloud, cast a doubtful and uncertain light, and the old woman, with a leer, which made the very hair of sir Gawen stand on end, told him that the dwelling was at hand. It was so, for a Gothic castle, placed on a considerable elevation, now came in view; it was a large massy structure, much decayed, and some parts of it in a totally ruinous condition; a portion, however, of the keep, or great tower was still entire, as was also the entrance to the court or enclosure, preserved probably by the ivy, whose fibres crept round with solicitous care. Large fragments of the ruin were scattered about, covered with moss and half sunk in the ground, and a number of old elm trees, through whose foliage the wind sighed with a fullen and melancholy sound, dropped a deep and settled gloom, that scarce permitted the moon to stream by fits upon the building. Sir Gawen drew near, ardent curiosity mingled with awe dilated his bosom, and he inwardly congratulated himself upon so singular an adventure, when turning round to question his companion, a glimpse of the moon poured full upon his eye so horrid a contexture of feature, so wild and preternatural a combination, that, smote with terror and unable to move, a cold sweat trickled from every pore, and immediately this infernal being seized him by the arm, and hurrying;

ing him over the draw-bridge to the great entrance of the keep, the portcullis fell with a tremendous sound, and the knight, starting as it were from a trance, drew his sword in aet to destroy his treacherous guide, when instantly a horrible and infernal laugh burst from her, and in a moment the whole castle was in an uproar, peal after peal issuing from every quarter, till at length growing faint they died away, and a dead silence ensued. Sir Gawen, who, during this strange tumult, had collected all his scattered powers, now looked round him with determined resolution; his terrible companion had disappeared, and the moon shining full upon the portcullis convinced him that any escape that way was impracticable; the wind sighed through the elms, the scared owl, uttering his discordant note, broke from the rustling bough, and a dim twinkling light beamed from a loop-hole near the summit of the great tower. Sir Gawen entered the keep, having previously reasoned himself into a state of cool fortitude, and bent up every power to the appalling enterprise. He extended his sword before him, for it was dark, and proceeded carefully to search around, in hopes, either of discovering some aperture which might lead to the vestibule or staircase, or of wreaking his vengeance on the wretch who had thus decoyed him. All was still as death, but as he strode



strode over the floor, a dull, hollow sound issued from beneath, and rendered him apprehensive of falling through into some dismal vault, from which he might never be able to extricate himself. In this situation, dreading the effect of each light footstep, a sound, as of many people whispering, struck his ear, he bent forward, listening with eager attention, and as it seemed to proceed from a little distance before him, he determined to follow it: he did so, and instantly fell through the mouldering pavement, whilst at the same time peals of horrid laughter again burst with reiterated clamour from every chamber of the castle. Sir Gawen rose with considerable difficulty, and much stunned with the fall, although fortunately the spot he had dropped upon was covered with a quantity of damp and soft earth which gave way to his weight. He now found himself in a large vault, arched in the Gothic manner, and supported by eight massy pillars, down whose sides the damp moisture ran in cold and heavy drops, the moon shining with great lustre through three iron-grated windows, which although rusty with age, were strong enough to resist the efforts of sir Gawen, who, after having in vain tried to force them, looked around for his sword, which, during the fall, had started from his grasp, and in searching the ground with his fingers, he laid hold of, and drew forth

forth, the fresh bones of an enormous skeleton, yet greasy and moist from the decaying fibres; he trembled with horror; a cold wind brushed violently along the surface of the vault, and a ponderous iron door, slowly grating on its hinges, opened at one corner, and disclosed to the wandering eye of sir Gawen a broken stair-case, down whose steps a blue and faint light flashed by fits, like the lightning of a summer's eve. Appalled by these dreadful prodigies, sir Gawen felt, in spite of all his resolution, a cold and death-like chill pervade his frame, and kneeling down, he prayed fervently to that power, without whose mandate no being is let loose upon another, and feeling himself more calm and resolved, he again began to search for his sword, when a moon-beam falling on the blade at once restored it to its owner.

N.

No. II.

No. 11.—SATURDAY, May 1, 1790.

*La qual mi vinse ciascun sentimento :  
Ecaddi, come l'uom, cui sonno piglia.*

DANTE.

The horrid scene my fainting-power surpass :  
I fell, and, as in sleep, my senses fled.

HAYLEY.

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SIR Gawen having thus resumed his wonted fortitude and resolution, held a parley with himself, and perceiving no other way by which he could escape, boldly resolved to brave all the terrors of the stair-case, and, once more recommending himself to his maker, began to ascend. The light still flashed, enabling him to climb those parts which were broken or decayed. He had proceeded in this manner a considerable way, mounting,

mounting, as he supposed, to the summit of the keep, when suddenly a shrill and agonizing shriek issued from the upper part of it, and something rudely brushing down grasped him with tremendous strength; in a moment he became motionless, cold as ice, and felt himself hurried back by some irresistible being; but just as he had reached the vault, a spectre of so dreadful a shape stalked by within it, that straining every muscle he sprang from the deadly grasp: the iron door rushed in thunder upon its hinges, and a deep hollow groan resounded from beneath. No sooner had the door closed, than yelling screams, and sounds which almost suspended the very pulse of life, issued from the vault, as if a troop of hellish furies, with their chains untied, were dashing them in writhing frenzy, and howling to the uproar. Sir Gawen stood petrified with horror, a stony fear ran to his very heart, and dismayed every sense about him, he stared wide with his long locks upstanding stiffly, and the throbbing of his heart oppressed him. The tumult at length subsiding, Sir Gawen recovered some portion of strength, which he immediately made use of to convey himself as far as possible from the iron door, and presently reached his former elevation on the stair-case, which, after ascending a few more steps, terminated in a winding gallery. The light,



light, which had hitherto flashed incessantly, now disappeared, and he was left in almost total darkness, except that now and then, the moon threw a few cool rays through some broken loop-holes, heightening the horror of the scene. He dreaded going forward, and fearfully looked back lest some yelling fiend should again plunge him into the vault. He stood suspended with apprehension: a mournful wind howled through the apartments of the castle, and listening, he thought he heard the iron door grate upon its hinges; he started with terror, the sweat stood in big drops upon his forehead, his knees smote each other, and he rushed forward with desperate despair, till having suddenly turned a corner of the gallery, a taper, burning with a faint light, gleamed through a narrow dark passage: sir Gawen approached the light; it came from an extensive room, the folding doors of which were wide open: he entered; a small taper in a massy silver candlestick stood upon a table in the middle of the room, but gave so inconsiderable an illumination, that one end was wrapped in palpable darkness, and the other scarcely broken in upon by a dim light that streamed through a large ramified window, covered with thick ivy. An arm-chair, shattered and damp with age, was placed near the table, and the remains of a recent fire were still

still visible in the grate. The wainscot of black oak, had formerly been hung with tapestry, and several portions still clung to those parts which were near the fire; they possessed some vivacity of tint, and with much gilding, yet apparent on the chimney-piece, and several mouldering reliques of costly frames and paintings, gave indisputable evidence of the ancient grandeur of the place. Sir Gawen closed the folding doors, and, taking the taper, was about to survey the room, when a deep hollow groan from the dark end of it smote cold upon his heart; at the same time the sound, as of something falling with a dead weight, echoed through the room. Sir Gawen replaced the taper, the flame of which was agitated, now quivering, sunk, now streaming, flamed aloft, and as the last pale portion died away; the scarce distinguished form of some terrific being floated slowly by, and again another dreadful groan ran deepening through the gloom. Sir Gawen stood for some time incapable of motion, at length summoning all his fortitude, he advanced with his sword extended to the darkest part of the room: instantly burst forth in fierce irradiations a blue sulphureous splendour, and the mangled body of a man distorted with the agony of death, his every fibre racked with convulsion, his beard and hair stiff and matted with blood, his  
mouth

mouth open, and his eyes protruding from their marble sockets, rushed on the fixed and maddening senses of sir Gawen, whose heart had beat no more, had not a hiss, as of ten thousand fiends, loud, horrible, roused him from the dreadful scene; he started, uttering a wild shriek, his brain turned round, and running, he knew not whither, burst through the folding doors. Darkness again spread her sable pall over the unfortunate sir Gawen, and he hurried along the narrow passage with a feeble and a faltering step. His intellect shook, and, overwhelmed with the late appalling objects, had not yet recovered any degree of recollection, and he wandered as in a dream, a confused train of horrible ideas passing unconnected through his mind: at length, however, memory resumed her function, resumed it but to daunt him with harrowing suggestions; the direful horrors of the room behind, and of the vault below, were still present to his eyes, and as a man whom hellish fiends had frightened, he stood trembling, pale, and staring wild. All was now silent and dark, and he determined to wait in this spot the dawn of day, but a few minutes had scarce elapsed, when the iron door screaming on its hinges, bellowed through the murmuring ruin. Sir Gawen nearly fainted at the sound, which, pausing for some time, again swelled  
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upon the wind, and at last died away in shrill melancholy shrieks; again all was silent, and again the same fearful noise struck terror to his soul. Whilst his mind was thus agitated with horror and apprehension, a dim light streaming from behind, accompanied with a soft, quick, and hollow tread, convinced sir Gawen that something was pursuing him, and struck with wildering fear, he rushed unconscious down the steps; the vault received him, and its portal swinging to their close, sounded as the sentence of death. A dun fœtid smoke filled the place, in the centre of which arose a faint and bickering flame. Sir Gawen approached, and beheld a corse suspended over it by the neck; its fat dropped, and the flame, flashing through the vault, gleamed on a throng of hideous and ghastly features, that now came forward through the smoke. Sir Gawen, with the desperate valour of a man, who sees destruction before him, ran furious forward; an universal shriek burst forth; the corse dropped into the fire, which, rising with tenfold brilliance, placed full in view the dreadful form of his infernal guide, dilated into horror itself; her face was pale as death, her eyes were wide open, dead, and fixed, a horrible grin sat upon her features, her lips, black and half putrid, were drawn back, disclosing a set of large blue teeth, and her hair  
standing



standing stiffly erect, was of a withered red. Sir Gawen felt his blood freeze within him, his limbs forgot to move, the face, enlarging as it came, drew near, and swooning, he fell forward on the ground.

N.

No. 12.—TUESDAY, May 4, 1790.

*Letitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,  
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes  
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaude'.*

ADDISON.

Down the deep dale, and narrow winding way,  
They foot it featly, rang'd in ringlets gay:  
'Tis joy and frolick all, where'er they rove,  
And fairy people is the name they love.

BEATTIE.

**SLOW** passed the vital fluid through the bosom of sir Gawen, scarce did the heart vibrate to its impulse: on his pallid forehead sat a chilly sweat, and frequent spasms shook his limbs; but at length returning warmth gave some vigour to his frame, the energy of life became more diffused, a soothing languor stole upon him, and on opening his eyes, rushed neither the images of death, or the rites of witchcraft, but the soft, the sweet, and tranquil scenery of a summer's moonlight night. Enraptured with this sudden and unexpected change, sir Gawen rose gently from off the

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the ground, over his head towered a large and majestic oak, at whose foot, by some kind and compassionate being, he concluded he had been laid. Delight and gratitude dilated his heart, and advancing from beneath the tree, whose gigantic branches spread a large extent of shade, a vale, beautiful and romantic, through which ran a clear and deep stream, came full in view; he walked to the edge of the water, the moon shone with mellow lustre on its surface, and its banks, fringed with shrubs, breathed a perfume more delicate than the odours of the East. On one side, the ground covered with a vivid, soft, and downy verdure, stretched for a considerable extent to the borders of a large forest, which, sweeping round, finally closed up the valley; on the other, it was broken into abrupt and rocky masses swarded with moss, and from whose clefts grew thick and spreading trees, the roots of which, washed by many a fall of water, hung bare and matted from their craggy beds.

Sir Gawen forgot, in this delicious vale all his former sufferings, and giving up his mind to the pleasing influence of curiosity and wonder, he determined to explore the place by tracing the windings of the stream. Scarce had he entered upon this plan, when music of the most ravishing sweetness filled the air, sometimes it seemed to float along the valley, sometimes it stole along the

the surface of the water, now it died away among the woods, and now, with deep and mellow symphony, it swelled upon the gale. Fixed in astonishment, sir Gawen scarce ventured to breathe, every sense, save that of hearing, seemed absorbed, and when the last faint warblings melted on his ear, he started from the spot, solicitous to know from what being those more than human strains had parted; but nothing appeared in view; the moon full and unclouded, shone with unusual lustre, the white rocks glittering in her beam, and, filled with hope, he again pursued the windings of the water, which, conducting to the narrowest part of the valley, continued their course through the wood. Sir Gawen entered by a path smooth, but narrow and perplexed, where, although its branches were so numerous that no preference could be given, or any direct route long persisted in, yet every turn presented something to amuse, something to sharpen the edge of research. The beauty of the trees through whose interstices the moon gleamed in the most picturesque manner, the glimpses of the water, and the notes of the nightingale, who now began to fill the valley with her song, were more than sufficient to take off the sense of fatigue, and he wandered on, still eager to explore, still panting for further discovery. The wood now became more thick and obscure, and at length



length almost dark, when the path, taking suddenly an oblique direction, sir Gawen found himself on the edge of a circular lawn, whose tint and softness were beyond compare, and which seemed to have been lightly brushed by fairy feet. A number of fine old trees, around whose boles crept the ivy and the woodbine, rose at irregular distances, here they mingled into groves, and there separate, and emulous of each other, they shook their airy summits in disdain. The water, which had been for some time concealed, now murmured through a thousand beds, and visiting each little flower, added vigour to its vegetation and poignancy to its fragrance. Along the edges of the wood and beneath the shadows of the trees, an innumerable host of glow-worms lighted their innocuous fires, lustrous as the gems of Golconda, and sir Gawen, desirous yet longer to enjoy the scene, went forward with light footsteps on the lawn; all was calm, and, except the breeze of night, that sighed soft and sweetly through the world of leaves, a perfect silence prevailed. Not many minutes, however, had elapsed, before the same enchanting music, to which he had listened with so much rapture in the vale, again arrested his ear, and presently he discovered on the border of the lawn, just rising above the wood, and floating on the bosom of the air, a being of the most delicate form; from his shoulders streamed a tunic of the tenderest blue,

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his wings and feet were clothed in downy silver, and in his grasp he had a wand white as the mountain snow. He rose swiftly in the air, his brilliance became excessive from the lunar rays, his song echoed through the vault of night, but having quickly diminished to the size and appearance of the evening star, it died away, and the next moment he was lost in ether. Sir Gawen still fixed his eye on that part of the heavens where the vision had disappeared, and shortly had the pleasure of again seeing the star-like radiance, which in an instant unfolded itself into the full and fine dimensions of the beauteous being, who, having collected dew from the cold vales of Saturn, now descended rapidly toward the earth, and waving his wand as he passed athwart the woods, a number of like form and garb flew around him, and all, alighting on the lawn, separated at equal distances on its circumference, and then shaking their wings, which spread a perfume through the air, burst into one general song. Sir Gawen, who apprehensive of being discovered, had retreated within the shadow of some mossy oaks, now waited with eager expectation the event of so singular a scene. In a few moments a bevy of elegant nymphs dancing two by two, issued from the wood on the right, and an equal number of warlike knights, accompanied by a band of minstrels, from that of the left.

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The knights were clothed in green; on their bosoms shone a plate of burnished steel, and in their hands they grasped a golden targe and lance of beamy lustre. The nymphs, whose form and symmetry are beyond whatever poets dream, were dressed in robes of white, their zones were azure, dropt with diamonds, and their light brown hair, decked with roses, hung in ample ringlets. So quick, so light, and airy was their motion, that the turf, the flowers shrunk not to the gentle pressure, and each smiling on her favourite knight, he flung his brilliant arms aside and mingled in the dance.

Whilst they thus flew in rapid measures o'er the lawn, sir Gawen, forgetting his situation, and impatient to salute the assembly, involuntarily stepped forward, and instantaneously a shrill and hollow gust of wind murmured through the woods, the moon dipt into a cloud, and the knights, the dames, and aerial spirits, vanished from the view, leaving the amazed sir Gawen to repent at leisure of his precipitate intrusion; scarce, however had he time to determine what plan he should pursue, when a gleam of light flashed suddenly along the horizon, and the beauteous being, whom he first beheld in the air, stood before him; he waved his snowy wand, and pointing to the wood, which now appeared sparkling with a thousand fires, moved gently on. Sir Gawen felt an irre-

sistible impulse which compelled him to follow, and having penetrated the wood, he perceived many bright rays of light, which, darting like beams of the sun, through every part of it, most beautifully illumined the shafts of the trees. As they advanced forwards, the radiance became more intense, and converged towards a centre, and the fairy being, turning quickly round, commanded sir Gawen to kneel down, and having squeezed the juice of an herb into his eyes, bade him now proceed, but that no mortal eye, unless its powers of vision were increased, could endure the glory that would shortly burst upon them. Scarce had he uttered these words, when they entered an amphitheatre; in its centre was a throne of ivory inlaid with sapphires, on which sat a female form of exquisite beauty, a plain coronet of gold obliquely crossed her flowing hair, and her robe of white satin hung negligent in ample folds. Around her stood five and twenty nymphs clothed in white and gold, and holding lighted tapers; beyond these were fifty of the aerial beings, their wings of downy silver stretched for flight, and each a burning taper in his hand; and lastly, on the circumference of the amphitheatre shone one hundred knights in mail of tempered steel, in one hand they shook aloft a target of massy diamond, and in the other flashed a taper. So excessive was the reflection, that  
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the targes had the reflection of an hundred suns, and, when shaken, sent forth streams of vivid lightning; from the gold, the silver, and the sapphires issued a flood of tinted light, that mingling threw upon the eye a series of revolving hues. Sir Gawen, impressed with awe, with wonder and delight, fell prostrate on the ground, whilst the fairy spirit advancing, knelt and presented to the queen a chrystal vase. She rose, she waved her hand, and smiling, bade sir Gawen to approach. “Gentle stranger,” she exclaimed, “let not fear appal thine heart, for to him “whom courage, truth, and piety have distinguished, our friendship and our love is given. “Spirits of the blest we are, our sweet employment to befriend the wretched and the weary, “to lull the torture of anguish, and the horror of “despair. Ah! never shall the tear of innocence “or the plaint of sorrow, the pang of injured “merit, or the sigh of hopeless love, implore “our aid in vain. Upon the moon-beam do we “float, and light as air pervade the habitations “of men, and hearken, O favoured mortal! “I tell thee spirits, pure from vice, are present “to thy inmost thoughts; when terror and when “madness, when spectres and when death surrounded thee, our influence put to flight the “ministers of darkness; we placed thee in the “moon-light vale, and now upon thy head I

“ pour the planetary dew, from Hecate’s dread  
“ agents, it will free thee from wildering fear  
“ and gloomy superstition.” She ended, and Sir  
Gawen, impatient to express his gratitude, was  
about to speak, when suddenly the light turned  
pale and died away, the spirits fled, and music  
soft and sweet was heard remotely in the air.  
Sir Gawen started, and in place of the refulgent  
scene of magic, he beheld a public road, his  
horse cropping the grass which grew upon its  
edge, and a village at a little distance, on whose  
spire, the rising sun had shed his earliest beams.

N.

No. 13.—SATURDAY, May 8, 1790.

*Facil ti fu ingannar una donzella  
Di cui tu signor eri, idolo, e nume  
A cui potevi far con tue parole  
Credet che fosse oscuro e freddo il sole.*

ARIOSTO, c. 32. st. 39.

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GOËTHE, the author of some admired German tragedies, is a writer of high originality. The greatest eccentricity in opinion, and singularity of composition, distinguish the school of which he is the founder. The fiery spirit of enthusiasm, and overflowing sensibility, which pervades the Sorrows of Werter, is already known to us by the medium of translation. Marks of the same nervous energy, the same glow of passion, and beautiful simplicity, which distinguish

that singular production are visible in his dramatic compositions. Goëthé in these manifests a softness and tenderness of the most artless and touching kind, peculiarly his own. While he is capable of exerting the elevation of his genius in the higher provinces of dramatic effect, the softer strings of the heart acknowledge an influence in his pieces, not always connected with German tragedy. His female characters, in particular, possess a variation of feature which marks the hand of a master, and are drawn with strokes more delicate than the dramas of his country commonly present. Of this the exquisitely feminine traits of his Stella, and the artlessness of youthful simplicity in the unfortunate heroine of Clavigo, are striking instances.

One of his first tragedies is Goëtz von Berlichingen, a piece remarkable for well-supported character and manners, and abounding in strokes of pathos. Of this the plot is irregularity itself, and complicated with circumstances which render it hardly capable of being brought on the stage. The subject is taken from the peasants war in the times of Maximilian, and the piece yields a characteristic picture of the state of society under that period of the feudal system. The time of the play both real and supposed is protracted to a length almost intolerable; knights on horseback appearing on the stage are among the dramatis personæ,



personæ, and views of towns and castles in flames constitute a part of the necessary scenery. In spite of these and many other improprieties, the energy of genuine genius often blazes in Goëtz von Berlichingen, which, as it imitates the wildness of Shakespeare, is animated by a portion of his spirit. Several other dramatic pieces, are the productions of Goëthé, as Count Egmont, a tragedy, founded on the History of the Netherlands; and Iphigenia, from ancient fable. Clavigo, another tragedy, possesses a high degree of merit as a composition, and claims a peculiar interest, as founded on some real domestic incidents which happened to the famous Beaumarchais, who appears as a person of the drama. Stella, a drama, possesses most of his peculiar beauties as well as defects. A story similar to that of Count Gleichen, and his two wives, is the foundation of this very singular play, which is worked up with that force of pathos so much the province of Goëthé. In the present paper some attention will be paid to the tragedy of Clavigo, which is selected as conveying no inadequate idea of the pathetic powers of its author; and the last scene, through the medium of a free translation, will be offered entire. In this tragedy the outlines of the more interesting parts of the plot, are simple and touching. Clavigo, the hero of the piece, appearing in the earlier part of his

life at Madrid, without name, fortune, or friends, had attracted the attention and kindness of a French family, into the bosom of which he was received. Having found means to engage the affections of Maria, the youngest daughter, whose character is drawn with a tender simplicity, irresistibly affecting, he had ventured to propose his hand to her in marriage, and was not rejected. The accomplishment of his wishes was, however, deferred for a time by the family, till some more advantageous change should occur in the situation of the lover. In the mean time he engaged successfully in literature, by gradual steps arrived at the favour of the court, and obtained a high office. In this change of Clavigo's fortunes the piece opens. At the moment of prosperity, seduced by vanity and the ambitious prospects suggested by the counsels of Carlos, his Spanish friend, he forgets the connexions of his earlier days, and equally deaf to the voice of gratitude and affection, deserts Maria, and even adds insult to perfidy. Her sensibility sinking under the stroke, she difficultly supports life, with her peace destroyed, and the delicacy of her frame, wasting under pining disease.

The situation of a beloved sister, and the affront offered to his family, reach the ears of Beaumarchais in France. He, fiery and impetuous in his character, burning with the desire of revenge,

venge, hurries to Madrid to repair his sister's honour, and punish the mean desertion of Clavigo. Enraged to fury, he demands from Clavigo the acceptance of an alternative, instant combat, or a public declaration of his villainy and baseness. After some time, humiliated by the firmness of Beaumarchais, and feeling some return of tenderness for the poor victim of his treachery, Clavigo solicits once more to be received as a lover. Beaumarchais at last, softened by his intreaties, with much reluctance consents to spare him the mortification he designed, on condition that Maria shall herself pardon the wrongs she has received.

With this permission he expiates his crime in tears at the feet of Maria, whose artless and innocent heart is unable to withstand the bitterness of his contrition. She forgets his wanton perfidy, and listens once more with rapture to his vows. Clavigo is received as a brother into the arms of the family, and the poor Maria, languishing under the fore wounds of her peace and health, again indulges the tender hopes, the frustration of which had before desolated her soul. All is harmony and joy. But the dark policy of Carlos is still at work to shake this fabric of happiness to its foundation. Considering the interest of his friend as weakened and his ambition checked by such an union, he exerts every effort to render fruitless  
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the hasty repentance of Clavigo. He attacks his soul by every avenue, he soothes his vanity by detailing the number and rank of his imaginary conquests, he inflames his pride by raising before his eyes the splendor of the prospects which await his ambition, and threatens the contempt of the world for a compliance apparently dictated by fear. The country, the situation of Maria, even her decaying health, furnish him with motives of dissuasion, and he labours to degrade her innocent simplicity by contemptuous comparisons. The project is but too successful; the soul of Clavigo, naturally weak and unstable, is wrought upon by a variety of passions, inimical to his faithful and tender mistress, who in anxious expectation, is waiting his return. At last a dupe to his friend's pernicious policy, he resolves on a second perfidy more black than the first. He once more deserts the unhappy Maria, whom, after having sunk her almost to the grave by cruelty, he had, for a deceitful moment, elevated with the rapture of revived expectation. Plunging still deeper into guilt, he follows the suggestions of Carlos, and concerta a dark plot against the generous Beaumarchais, who, from a criminal accusation preferred by Clavigo is threatened with immediate and pressing danger. While these plans are in execution, Clavigo leaves his house to conceal himself from search, and hastens to a place



place of security provided by his friend. He chooses the obscurity of night to favour his escape. Enveloped in a disguise, and trembling with the perturbation of guilt, he hurries under the conduct of a guide, sent by Carlos, through dark and private streets till his attention is suddenly arrested by the appearance of torches, and a groupe of figures in mourning dresses, which strike on his eye through the blackness of the night. He is agitated almost to distraction, when in the scene of this mournful pomp of death, he recognizes the well-known dwelling of Maria. Shuddering with apprehension, he at last ventures to enquire for whom the funeral is celebrated. He is answered for Maria de Beaumarchais—the last worst stroke of Clavigo's cruelty was mortal, the perfidy of her lover, and the danger of her brother, overpowered her feeble frame, and she sunk under the complicated misery of her situation. Thunderstruck with horror, the terrors of conscience, the recollection of her innocence, the sense of guilt, rush at once upon his soul. He becomes desperate. The fear of danger or hope of escape no longer operate on his mind, and his attendant having, in vain, endeavoured to rouse him by remonstrances, leaves him nailed to the place in the struggle of conflicting passions, and venting his agony in this soliloquy.

SCENE.

## SCENE. NIGHT.

CLAVIGO *alone, the mourners at a distance waiting before the door of MARIA'S house for the funeral.*

Dead! Maria dead! torches yonder! her sad conductors to the grave!—It is enchantment all, a vision of the night that shakes my soul with terror, that holds a glass before me, where my boding eye beholds the end of all my treachery.—Still there is time!—I tremble, my shuddering heart dissolves within me! No, no, Maria, thou must not die; I come, I come—vanish ye spectres of the night who intercept my way with fearful horrors. [*Going towards the mourners*] Be gone—they still are there; ha! they turn to look upon me! Alas, alas, wretch that I am, they are but men like myself—it is too true—true—can I conceive it?—she's dead! I feel it rush upon my soul with all the horrors of the night, she's dead! There she lies stretched, a flower beneath my feet—and I—have mercy on me, God of Heaven, this hand is not her murderer.—Hide your light, ye stars, look down no longer, ye who so oft have seen this wretch, when glowing with the warmth of heart-felt rapture, he has left this door;

door; when as he wantoned in the golden dream of fancy, this very street has echoed to the song and lute; while poor Maria, listening at her secret window, has felt her bosom burn' with rapturous expectation.—And 'tis that house thou fillest now with shrieks, and woe, and the theatre of thy bliss with the wailings of the grave! Maria! Maria! O take me with thee, take me with thee. [*A melancholy music is heard within*] They are carrying her to the grave!—hold, hold, close not her coffin! let me but see that face once more! [*Goes up to the house.*] Ha! into whose presence do I rush, whom am I to meet in their intolerable anguish? her friends, her brother, whose bosoms burn with grief and fury. [*Mournful music is heard again.*] She calls me! I come. What terrors are upon me! what shudderings detain my steps! [*The music sounds for the third time, and the funeral procession comes out; the coffin of Maria appears, carried by six bearers, and accompanied by her friends in deep mourning. Buenko and Gilbert.*]

Clavigo. [*coming forward*] Hold!

Buenko. What voice is that?

Cl. Hold!

Buen. Whose daring interruption violates the honoured dead?

Cl. Set down the coffin.

Buen. Wretch! is there no end to thy misdeeds? is the poor victim, even in the grave, not safe from thee?

Cl.

*Cl.* Let me alone! drive me not to madness! wretches like me are dangerous! once more I must behold her. [*He uncovers the coffin, the corpse of Maria lies dressed in white, with her hands fo'ded together, Clavigo starts back and covers his face.*]

*Bue.* Wouldst thou awake her, again to murder her?

*Cl.* Poor mockery! Maria! Maria! [*Clavigo falls down by the coffin.*]

BEAUMARCHAIS enters.

*Beau.* Buenko has deserted me; they say she is not dead; I must see her, in spite of hell, I must see her——torches! a funeral! [*He rushes towards them, casts a look on the coffin, and falls speechless upon it; he is lifted up and appears nearly fainting in the arms of Gilbert.*]

*Cl.* [*Rising from the other side of the coffin.*] Maria! Maria!

*Beau.* [*starting*] That was his voice. Who call's upon Maria's name? how at that sound new fury pours through all my burning veins.

*Cl.* 'Tis I!

*Beau.* [*Looking wildly and snatching at his sword, is held.*]

*Cl.* 'Tis not the fierceness of these glowing eyes, 'tis not the sharpness of thy sword, that quails



quails my soul; look there, look there, see this closed eye, these folded hands.

*Beau.* And dost thou shew them to me? [*He gets loose, presses on Clavigo with his sword, who draws, and after fighting some time receives the sword of Beaumarchais in his breast.*]

*Cl.* [*falling.*] Brother, I thank thee, thy hand unites us. [*sinks on the coffin.*]

*Beau.* [*tearing him away*] Touch not that faint, lost wretch!

*Cl.* [*supported by the bearers.*] Alas! alas!

*Beau.* Blood! once more look up Maria; cast one glance upon thy bridal dress, then close thy eyes for ever. See how thy bier is consecrated by thy murderer's blood. 'Tis well! 'tis glorious!

*SOPHIA, the sister of MARIA, enters.*

*Soph.* My brother! God of mercy, what is this?

*Beau.* Come nearer, my beloved, and see. 'Twas once my hope to strew her bridal bed with roses. Behold! these are the roses with which I deck her on the way to heaven.

*Soph.* We are undone!

*Cl.* Save yourself, unthinking man; save yourself before the morning dawns; that God who

who sent you to avenge, be your guide—Sophia—forgive me—brother—friends forgive me.

*Beau.* His gushing blood quenches the fury of my breast, and my rage grows weak with his expiring life, [*goes up to him.*] die; you have my forgiveness.

*Cl.* Your hand, and yours, Sophia, and yours [*to Buenko, who draws back.*]

*Soph.* Give it him, Buenko.

*Cl.* Sophia! still as ever, receive my thanks; I thank ye all, and thou, spirit of my beloved, if still thy presence hovers round this place, look down upon us; see this heavenly goodness, add thy blessing, and forgive me too; I come, I come—my brother save yourself.

*Enter CARLOS.*

*Car.* Clavigo! murder!

*Cl.* Hear me, Carlos, thou seest the wretched victim of thy policy—and now I conjure thee by this bloody stream in which my life pours fast away—preserve my brother.

*Car.* Alas, my friend—why stand ye there, bring help this instant.

*Cl.* All help is now too late, but save that ill-starred brother—thy hand as a pledge.—I have their forgiveness—thou too hast mine—conduct him to the borders.—Oh!

*Car.*

Car. O Clavigo! Clavigo! [*Stamping in violent agitation.*]

Cl. [*getting nearer to the coffin, on which the attendants let him down.*] Maria, thy hand also; [*he separates her folded hands and grasps the right*] I have her hand, the cold hand of death—— thou art mine——one bridal kiss——Oh! [*dies.*]

H.

No. 14.—TUESDAY, *May 11, 1790.*

Goodness wounds itself,  
And sweet affection proves the spring of woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

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THE character of Timon of Athens presents a delineation of sudden change in the principles of human action, which, though drawn by the pen of Shakespeare himself, whose knowledge of the heart appears almost intuitive, has been censured as extravagant and unnatural. The glowing generosity, the indefatigable friendship, the expansive openness of soul which mark the earlier features of the character of Timon, are suddenly, on a change of fortune which discovers treachery in his supposed friends, subverted to their foundation. The whole mental scene shifting with rapidity and violence, presents in their room the most inveterate and ferocious detestation directed against all mankind. In my mind, the poet has here only afforded another proof of the keenness of that penetration which, glancing through all the springs



springs and movers of the human soul, fixes the changing features of the mental portrait, and holds a mirror to Nature herself. He perceived that on the ruins of our best feelings the temple of misanthropy is ever erected. The force of this truth he has exemplified by characters, stamped with the kindest affections of nature, containing those propensities on which the fairest structure of human happiness is raised, in which those benefits, so far from tending to their proper end, ill managed and abused, involve their possessors in delusion and misery, and naturally end in a frame of mind inimical to mankind, and incapable of felicity. Of these Timon is one; although inconsiderate ostentation forms a striking feature in the delineation of Shakespeare, the violence of misanthropy is to be traced to other causes, and we are left to exclaim from a thorough knowledge of his character, with the faithful Flavius,

Poor, honest lord, brought low by his own heart,  
Undone by goodness.

To follow the general idea of the poet more closely, to apply it more generally to human nature at large, will probably reward our labour. For this purpose we may call up before our eye, the painful, though too common picture, which the mind, where the glow of fancy triumphs over reason,

reason, and the mere impulse of sensibility supersedes reflexion and settled principle, exhibits in its progress through the world.

To the mind of high-wrought feelings, and heated imagination, the entrance of life is fairy ground. The objects which solicit her attention, viewed through the medium of that elevated hope which youth alone inspires, shine with a brilliancy of tint not their own. The face of universal nature impresses the soul with a secret influence, a delicious rapture, which gives a new charm to being, and the heart intoxicated with its own sensations, expands with an unbounded warmth, to all existence. The desert of the world is decorated with the fleeting visions of a raised and glowing fancy, whilst the eye rests, with unsuspecting wonder, on the splendid prospects which the magic of early expectation calls up on every side. Filled with that strong enthusiasm which elevates while it deludes, the mind soon is taught to feel, that in the croud of pleasures which court her acceptance, something is still deficient. The finer and more exalted ideas, which stimulate incessantly to action, are still without an object worthy of all their energy. The powers of the soul languish and are depressed, from the narrowness of the sphere in which they have yet moved, the master-strings of the heart are yet untouched, the higher, stronger passions of the breast are to

be roused, before the keenness of expectation can be gratified. The charms of friendship, the delicate and intoxicating sensations which attend the first delicious emotions of the tender passion, rush on the imagination with violence, to which even the energy of youthful ambition is feeble and impotent in comparison. It seems that but a dream of pleasure, a prospect of bliss has been presented to the view, which friendship and love alone can realize and render perfect. The enthusiast now looks eagerly around for the objects, which a heart, yet unacquainted with the realities of things, and wound up to its highest pitch, tells him are alone able to fill that void which still akes within the bosom. In the moment of delusion, the connexions are formed which are to stamp existence with happiness or misery in the extreme. A blind impulse overpowers deliberation, and the heart expands itself for the reception of inmates, whose value it has not for a moment paused to ascertain. The measure of happiness is now, for a moment full. The mind, conscious that the energy of sentiment, no longer languishes in inaction, feels those wishes completed which the vividity of imagination had before but imperfectly suggested, and yields without reserve to the novel emotions which begin to make a part of its existence. On every side the heart is cheered with the smile of affection, on every side the

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the arms of friendship are expanded with inviting openness. The wand of deception creates a little world around, where nothing meets the eye but the mutual efforts of emulative exertion, and the smile of beneficence exulting over its own work. And love, sacred love, who that has truly felt thy first pure and delicious influence, but learns, even if the object be delusion, that the few moments which thy power can confer, are of more value than whole existences, unanimated by thy holy and vital flame.

But this rapture is not to last. The time is to come when the prospect which depended on the influence of passion, however noble, and prejudice, however honest, shall melt away, from the view. The mind, raised to a pitch of enjoyment above the reality of sublunary happiness, is in danger, when the face of things at once appears in proper colours, of sinking to a degree equally below it. He, who in the glow of his earlier feelings, feasted his eye with increasing transport, on the gay and captivating scenery, with which the creative power of an ardent imagination had overspread the barrenness of reality, now begins to find a thousand little deceptions wear away. The insipidity and nakedness of many an object, which at a distance had attracted his eagerness, and roused the keenness of his passions, press so close upon him, that even prejudice and enthusiasm



flaſm fail to operate the accuſtomed deluſion. The little vanity, ſo often interwoven with the beſt natures, receive a variety of unexpected and grievous wounds. As the miſts which clouded the exertions of his better judgment retire on every ſide, he diſcovers with aſtoniſhment that, a dupe to ſelf-deception, he has, like a blind idolater, fallen proſtrate before the gaudy images his own hands have formed and decorated. He perceives that he has walked in a world of his own creation, that life and man are ſtill before him to ſtudy, and only recovers his cooler ſenſes to feel the loſs of that mental elevation, that brilliant perception of things, which, though ideal, were ſo dear to him. But perhaps this is not all, nor does the diſcovery which ſcourges vanity, and detects the harmleſs fallacies of judgment, alone await him. Perhaps the hour of deception has treaſured up diſappointment more heavy and intolerable. What are his ſenſations, if the truth, he now begins anxiously and fearfully to learn, is brought immediately home to his own boſom, and he is doomed to feel, that the exalted and glowing ideas of friendſhip, which firſt expanded his ſoul, ſhrink even in his view and leave his breaſt void and deſolate. When in the heart, which his earlieſt ideas had imaged as the reſidence of that ſacred paſſion, the trial of experience detects hollowneſs and falſehood. When

G

it

it is his bitter lot to mark the progress of alienated affection, to watch the subsidence of cooling attachment, to feel the ties connected in an honest and unsuspecting bosom with all his first enjoyments of happiness, beginning one by one to untwine. When he is to groan under the pang of the heart, which accompanies the tearing out of the thousand little habits of confidence, the innumerable kindly affections which long custom had rooted in the soul, and made a part of the pleasantness of existence; or when he is to experience the agony of the moment, when he in whom the bosom fondly trusted, insults the confidence he has cruelly violated, and aggravates by unfeeling mockery the distress his perfidy has excited.

But if this can be borne, perhaps the last and most fearful shock awaits him; the tenderest strings of his soul are to be still more cruelly rent, and the wound, which before smarted almost to madness, rendered at once incurable. There are finer and more exalted ties, comprehending the best feelings, the dearest relations of which our natures are capable. Their severing is accompanied by sensations to which the wound of violated friendship itself is feeble, and, to minds of a certain frame, communicates that deadly stroke to which the power of all other human evils would have been inadequate. Such are those which unexpected treachery from that  
quarter

quarter where the soul had gathered up its best and tenderest hope, must call forth, and few are the hearts round the ruggedness of whose nature so little of the softer feelings are entwined, as not to feel the full keenness of that wound which the tearing of the ties of love inflicts, though its firmness had been inaccessible to the force of common calamities. The distress is more complicated and hopeless from its nature than any other, and the pangs of a thousand discordant passions, are crowded and concentrated into that terrible moment which discovers infidelity, where the confiding heart had fondly rested all upon its prospects of happiness. Under other strokes of calamity, the soul gains force and dignity from the greatness of unmerited misfortunes, and rouses every latent power to combat against evil fate. In the school of distress the energies of the mind are disclosed, and, learning our own powers, we combat against the oppression of adversity till we are able to contempt it. But here the sufferer finds himself as it were waked suddenly from a dream of happiness to intolerable misery; with his mind unnerved and weakened by passion, all the resources of fortitude lying dormant, every tender sensation doubly acute, every softening feeling alive. From the object of tenderness and idolatry of one who was the world to him, he at once finds himself a deserted and despised being;

he sees his best and finest feelings blasted for ever, his honest sources of pleasure and peace cut off at one stroke; with the terrible aggravation that the hand to which alone he could look for comfort and healing under the wound of calamity, instead of being stretched out to save him, itself lodges the dagger in his breast.

He is now alone. The ties which bound him to existence, cruelly loosened before, are torn for ever by this last, worst stroke. The prospect which before warmed his heart, is narrowed and darkened on every side. The journey of life is before him dreary and comfortless. The weary path of rugged labour remains to be trodden, when the motives of activity and the rewards of exertion have ceased to exist, when the keenness of expectation can no longer be stimulated, and the spirit of enterprize has subsided into sullen indifference. While he ruminates with agony on the past, he cheerlessly looks forward into a gloomy futurity, and his foreboding mind sees, in the ruin of his first and fondest hopes, the nothingness of the visions of imagination, the destruction of the thousand little schemes and prospects suggested by an honest ambition, which the exultation of an heart untouched by calamity had fondly and fearlessly indulged. The recollection of those delusions which cheated his unsuspecting youth, whispers for ever that safety is alone

compatible



compatible with apathy, and ease his heart in impenetrable suspicion. A line of separation is drawn between him and his species. Deceived, insulted, wounded, from that quarter where his heart had treasured up all hope, where his ideas of human excellence had all concentrated, confidence in mankind, is in his eyes the weakness of despicable folly, or the extreme of desperate madness. The principles of the soul already unsettled, are soon shaken to their foundation. The milk of human kindness turns fast to gall. While those very passions, that frame of mind, which operated the first delusion, which stamped the features of unbounded friendship, of enthusiastic beneficence, now all subverted are applied to exalt the violence of the opposite character. Under this stroke the self-love, which might bear up against the common weight of calamity, receives an incurable and rankling wound, over which the soul gloomily broods. The passions of the misanthrope still flaming with violence, tend, as to a centre, to the aggravation of abhorrence and distrust of his species, and he hates with a keenness and acrimony proportioned to the strength of disappointed feeling which marked his entrance into life.

S.

No. 15.—SATURDAY, May 15, 1790.

*Si en quelque séjour,  
Soit en bois ou en prée,  
Soit pour l'aube de jour,  
Ou soit pour la vesprée,  
Sans cesse mon cœur sent  
Le regret d'un absent.*

MARY, Queen of Scots.

If chance my listless footsteps lead  
Thro' shady groves, or flowery mead;  
Whether at dawn of rising day,  
Or silent evening's setting ray,  
Each grief that absence can impart,  
Incessant rends my tortur'd heart.

PYE.

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MR. SPECULATOR,

IT is three years since I resided at the village of Ruyssd.—, a few hamlets, picturesquely situated, on the banks of the rapid S——le. Here, under an humble roof, and hard by the village church, dwelt the worthy but unfortunate Frederick Arnold, the curate of a simple flock, and  
Maria,

Maria, the gentle and modest Maria, his only daughter. Frederick, when I first knew him, was near sixty, a man of considerable judgment and great sensibility of heart, his religion was pure and rational, and his charity extensive, for although the curacy was but small, yet, by temperance and œconomy, he contrived to bestow more than those of thrice his property. His manners were mild and engaging, his features expressive, and, when he spake to the distressed, his eyes beamed a sweetness I shall never forget, it was like the rays of an evening sun when he shines through the watery mist. By this mode of conduct he became the father of the village, not a soul within it but would willingly have sacrificed his happiness to oblige my amiable friend. Methinks I see him now walking across the green that spreads from the parsonage to the water's side; here, if the morning proved a fine one, would the young men and maidens of the village assemble to salute their pastor, and happy were they, who, in return for a few flowers, or any other little testimony of their esteem, received a nod, a smile, or phrase of gratulation. Here also would his daughter often come attendant on her father, whom if, in my veneration for his character, I could accuse of any fault, it was in a too doating fondness for this lovely girl, who, had she not been blessed with an excellent disposition,

sition, would certainly have been injured by it. Maria Arnold was then eighteen, and though not handsome, yet was there a softness and expression in her countenance far superior to any regularity of feature; her eyes were dark, full, and liquid; her lips red and prominent; her hair of a deep brown; her complexion pale, but, when rather heated, a delicate suffusion overspread her cheek; and her person, although somewhat large, was elegant and well-formed. To these external graces were superadded the much more valuable ones of suavity of disposition and tenderness of heart. Maria wept not only at the tale of fiction, at the sufferings of injured beauty, or of graceful heroism; her pity and her bounty were extended to the loathsome scenes of squalid poverty and pale disease. Behold yon little cot, the woodbine winding over its mossy thatch, how often in that little cot have I seen her sooth the torture of convulsive agony; see! one hand supports that old man's hoary head, his languid eyes are fixed on her's, and feebly, as the gushing tear pours down his withered cheek, he blesses the compassionate Maria. Thou gentle being! ever in the hour of pensive solitude, when fled from cares that vex my spirit, ever did I call to mind thy modest virtues; even now, whilst musing on the scenes of Ruyse—le; even my fancy draws the very room, where, when the evening closed the labours



hours of the weary villager, the conversation or the music of Maria added rapture to the social hour. It was plain, I remember, but elegant, and ornamented with some sketches of Maria's in aqua tinta; at one end stood her harpsichord, and near it a mahogany case of well-chosen books; one window looked upon the green, and the other, the upper panes of which were overspread by the intermingling fibres of a jessamine tree, had the view of a large garden, where the fortunate combination of use and picturesque beauty, took place under the direction of my friend. Here, the window-shutters closed, and the candles brought in, would Arnold, sitting in his arm-chair, and the tear of fondness starting in his eye, listen to the melting sweetness of Maria's voice, or, conversing on subjects of taste and morality, instruct, whilst he highly entertained his willing auditors.

It was in one of those solitary moments of reflection, sir, when the mind feeds on past pleasure with a melancholy joy, that I determined to take the first opportunity of once more seeing my much-loved Arnold and his daughter, and it is three weeks since, having prepared every thing for the purpose, I left my house early in the morning; my heart throbbed with impatience, and full of anticipation, I promised myself much and lasting happiness. Occupied by these flat-

tering ideas, I arrived on the afternoon of the third day within a mile of Ruyfd——le. It had been gloomy for some time, and, during the last hour, there fell much and heavy rain, which increasing rapidly, and the thunder being heard on the hills, I rode up to a farm-house within a few paces of the road. Here I met with a cordial welcome from the master of the humble mansion, whom I had known at Ruyfd——le, and for whom I had a sincere regard; he shook me heartily by the hand, and fate me down to his best fare; and having dried my cloaths, and taken some refreshment, I told him the purport of my journey, that I had come to see the good curate and his daughter. Scarce had I finished the sentence when the poor man burst into tears, “Thomas,” I exclaimed,—“what is the matter? you alarm me!” “Ah, your honour, I must needs give way to it, else my heart would break; we’ve had sad work, I’m sure your honour would never have gotten over it; master Arnold, your honour”——“What of Arnold, is he ill?” “No, your honour.” “What then?” “But miss Maria”——“What of her?” “Miss Maria, your honour, poor miss Maria, is to be buried to-morrow morning, there is not a dry eye in the village, your honour; she was so kind and charitable to the poor, and spoke so sweetly that we all loved  
“her

“ her as if she had been our own child. Ah!  
“ your honour, many a time and oft, have I seen  
“ her weep when poor folks were distressed and  
“ ill. Thomas, would she say, for she often  
“ came down, your honour, when my wife lay  
“ badly. Thomas, how does Mary do? don’t be  
“ out of spirits, for what with my nursing and  
“ your’s, Thomas, she’ll soon be better. And  
“ then she would sit down by the bed-side and  
“ speak so sweetly, your honour, that I cannot  
“ help crying when I think on’t. God knows!  
“ she has been cruelly dealt by, and, if your  
“ honour will give me leave; I’ll tell you all  
“ about it.” I bowed my head, and the farmer  
went on with his relation. “ About a twelve-  
“ month after your honour left us, ’squire  
“ Stafford’s lady, of H—t—n-hall died, and the  
“ young miss being melancholy for want of com-  
“ pany, miss Maria went to stay there some  
“ time; they were fast friends, your honour,  
“ and very fond of each other. Now, Mr.  
“ Henry, the young squire, who came from  
“ college on his mother’s death, and who, to say  
“ the truth, is the handsomest and best natured  
“ gentleman I ever set eyes on, what should he  
“ do, your honour, but fall in love with miss  
“ Maria, and wanted to marry her; but the old  
“ gentleman, who, as I hear, never had a good  
“ word in the country, and who, God forgive  
“ me!

“ me! I believe is no better than he should be,  
“ fell into a violent passion, and stamped and  
“ raved like a madman, and made Mr. Henry  
“ promise not to think any thing more about it.  
“ So all remained quiet for a great while; but  
“ miss Maria was not forgot, your honour, for  
“ whilst she was on a second visit at the 'squire's,  
“ about four months ago, Mr. Henry tried to  
“ carry her off, but the servants were too nimble  
“ for them, and they were brought back again,  
“ and then, your honour, there were sad doings  
“ indeed: miss Maria fell into fits; and Mr.  
“ Henry, after having had a terrible quarrel with  
“ his father, was sent to Dover the next morn-  
“ ing, and ordered to embark for France. A  
“ very short time, your honour, after Mr. Henry  
“ had been gone, poor miss Maria was discovered  
“ to be with-child, and the 'squire, in spite of  
“ all the tears and entreaties of his daughter,  
“ actually turned miss Maria out of doors, nor  
“ would he let her have the chaise, but locking  
“ up miss Stafford, obliged her to walk home by  
“ herself, and your honour knows, it is ten long  
“ miles. All this, your honour, was done in  
“ such a hurry that nobody knew of it here: and  
“ one fine sunshiny evening, as we were dancing  
“ upon the green before the parsonage-house,  
“ for it was always our custom, as your honour  
“ knows, a young woman very neatly dressed  
“ appeared



“ appeared at one end of the village, she was  
“ faint and weary, and sitting herself down began  
“ to cry; we all left off dancing and went to see  
“ what was the matter: but alas! your honour,  
“ who should it be but poor Miss Maria,—oh, I  
“ shall never forget it the longest day I have to  
“ live; her hands were clasped together, and  
“ her eyes were turned towards heaven; she  
“ looked like an angel, your honour; we none  
“ of us could speak to her, but we all wept, and  
“ then she gave a great sigh and fell upon the  
“ ground. But, alack a day! whilst we were  
“ endeavouring to bring miss Maria to life again,  
“ somebody having told Mr. Arnold, he came  
“ running breathless and almost distracted to the  
“ place, and taking his daughter in his arms, he  
“ looked upon her in such a manner, your ho-  
“ nour, and then upon us, and then towards  
“ heaven, that it almost broke our hearts, for he  
“ could not speak, your honour, his heart was  
“ so full he could not speak: but just at this  
“ moment miss Maria opened her eyes, and see-  
“ ing her father, she shrieked and fell into strong  
“ fits; he started, and snatching her hastily up,  
“ ran towards the parsonage, and here, your  
“ honour, the fits continuing, she miscarried.  
“ As for poor Mr. Arnold, he was quite over-  
“ come, and he wept and took on so sorely that  
“ we thought he would never have got the better  
“ of

“ of it. ‘Oh, my Maria,’ he said, ‘you have  
“ killed your poor father, you have bowed him  
“ with sorrow to the grave;’ and then he knelt  
“ down, by the bed-side, ‘forsake me not my  
“ God, he cried, in mine old age, when I am  
“ grey-headed, forsake me not when my strength  
“ faileth me.’ He then got up to comfort miss  
“ Maria, but she would not be comforted, your  
“ honour, and kept crying, her dear father would  
“ not forgive her; but he said he would, and  
“ kissed her, and then she wept a great deal and  
“ was quiet. All the village, by this time, had  
“ got round the parsonage, and there was not a  
“ single soul, your honour, but what was in  
“ tears; we all put up our prayers for her, but  
“ they would not do, she never got the better of  
“ it, your honour; she every day grew worse,  
“ and would sometimes call upon Mr. Henry,  
“ and complain of the cruelty of his father, and  
“ then she would fall down upon her knees and  
“ ask forgiveness of poor Mr. Arnold, who was  
“ almost distracted at the sight: but it is all over,  
“ your honour, she is now happy, and may hea-  
“ ven reward as she deserves.”

N.

No. 16.—TUESDAY, May 18, 1790.

*Mets,———icy fin,  
A si triste complainte,  
Dont fera le refrain,  
Amour vraie et non feinte,  
Pour la séparation,  
N'aura diminution.*

MARY, Queen of Scots.

But cease——cease to complain!  
And close the sadly plaintive strain,  
To which no artificial tears,  
But love unfeigned, the burthen bears.  
Nor can my sorrows e'er decrease,  
For ah! "her" absence ne'er can cease.

PYE.

WHAT my sensations were, sir, during this recital, I must leave you to judge, I can only say, that I felt myself so overpowered by the sudden and shocking piece of information, that void of strength, I sank into a chair, faint, and unable to express the agony of my mind. The rapturous ideas of happiness with which I had fondly heated my imagination, were now no more: in their place,

place, a scene, of all others the most distressing to my heart, presented itself, the image of my worthy Arnold stretched weeping over the body of his Maria, of that Maria, whose innocence and simplicity were so dear to me. Oh, sir, even now my soul shudders at the recollection of this dreadful moment. Accurst be the wretch that brought thee low, thou gentlest of the forms of virtue! may anguish torture his corrupted heart! little wert thou able to contend with misery such as this, with the pang of disappointed love, and the brutal violence of unfeeling passion, for thou wert mild as

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Patience, "who,"

Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,  
In mute submission lifts the adoring eye  
Even to the storm that wrecks her.

MASON.

When the poignancy of grief was abated, I mingled my tears with the honest farmer's, whose sensibility of heart, the genuine effusion of pity and affection, had strongly impressed me in his favour. I spent the night under his roof, and in the morning bidding him a melancholy farewell, I rode on to Ruyssd—le, with an intention of seeing my afflicted friend, and of being present at the awful ceremony; for in the state of mind I was

then



then in, it was a penfive luxury I would not have foregone on any confideration.

When I came within fight of the parfonage, my sensations nearly overcame me; here, I once fondly hoped to have found the fame domestic felicity and contentment I had formerly experienced; but, mark the mutability of human blifs! fo lately the abode of happinefs and of innocence, now appeared the feat of filence and of folitude, of sorrow and death, for although I well knew the refignation and the piety of Arnold, yet I dreaded to recal thofe fcenes, the recollection of which would only give edge to his fufferings and frefh misery to his painful task. The villagers were afsembled on the green, drefsed in their neateft cloaths, and thofe who could afford it, in black. There was not a whifper heard among them, the tear rolled down their honeft cheeks, and on their features dwelt the sentiments of pity and regret. A lane was formed for me as I paffed along, we interchanged not a word, I caft my eyes upon the ground, they wept aloud. I was fo much affected I could fcarce fit upon my horfe, and leaving it at a fmall cottage when I got through them, I went to the parfonage on foot. I entered, and meeting a fervant in the hall, he pointed to the parlour and retired. I advanced towards it, the door was half open, and fli-  
ding foftly in, a fpectacle prefented itfelf whose im-  
preffion

pression will never be erased from my memory. In the middle of the room was placed the coffin of Maria, the lid was taken off, and beside it, in his robes, knelt the unfortunate Frederick Arnold, Maria's lifeless hand was locked in his, and on her clay-cold corse were fixed his streaming eyes. A considerable shade was thrown over the room, the windows looking upon the green being closed up, but through the garden window the sun broke in, and shone full upon the features of Arnold, his countenance was pale, languid, but remarkably interesting, and received a peculiar degree of expression from the tint of the morning light, and his hair, which had early become white, was scattered in thin portions over his temples and forehead. I stood impressed with awe, my soul was filled with compassion, and I wished to indulge my sorrow, but as Arnold did not perceive me, I thought it best not to interrupt him, and was therefore going to retire, when suddenly rising up he exclaimed, "farewel, my  
" Maria, thou that wert the solace of mine age,  
" farewell! oh, if thy unembodied spirit still hovers  
" o'er this scene of things, be present to thy  
" afflicted father, pour comfort in his wounded  
" bosom, sure to do this will be thy paradise,  
" Maria, and sure thou hast met with thy re-  
" ward. What, if unavailing regret still tor-  
" tures this distracted heart, still brings thy in-  
" jured

“jured form to view, yet, through the mercies  
“of my God, will I look forward with hope; I  
“will meet thee, O, my daughter, in heaven.  
“God of mercies, hear me!” “He will, he  
“will, thou good old man,” I cried, “he will  
“listen to thy prayer.” Arnold started; “Is it  
“thou, my son;” he said, and, falling upon my  
neck, he wept; then presently recovering him-  
self, he advanced with a composure towards the  
coffin: “Come hither,” he cried, “and view  
“the remains of fallen innocence and beauty;  
“see, my son, what one step from rectitude of  
“conduct has produced; see the unfortunate  
“Maria.” I advanced, and, kneeling down,  
kissed the pale hand of Maria; a sweet serenity  
dwelt upon her features, and she seemed to be  
asleep, I would have spoken, but I could not, I  
sighed in a convulsive manner, for the tumult of  
my spirits quite oppressed me; and Arnold ob-  
serving this, seized my arm, and ordered the  
coffin to be screwed down, conveyed me into  
another room. Here, in a little time, I recovered  
some calmness of mind, and Arnold, taking me  
by the hand, desired me to collect all my forti-  
tude. “I go to bury my Maria,” he said, “but  
“let not the murmurings of discontent break in  
“upon the sacred rite; to Providence, not to us,  
“the chastenings of mortality are given.” Hav-  
ing said this, he quitted the room, and, giving  
orders

orders for the procession, proceeded to the church. In a few minutes the coffin was carried out upon the green; it was covered with black velvet, over which was thrown a pall of white satin, and here a half dozen young women, dressed in black with white sashes, supported it, whilst as many in the same habit walked two and two before, and the like number behind it. They sang a dirge adapted to the occasion, and with slow and solemn steps went forward to the church. The whole village followed, and never was sorrow better painted than in the features of this mournful groupe. I loitered at a little distance, absorbed in the melancholy of my own reflections.

————— the bell

Of death beat slow! —————

It paused now, and with rising knell

Flung to the hollow gale its fullen sound.

MASON.

The wind sighed through the yew-trees, and the face of nature seemed to darken with oppressive gloom. We entered the church, where all things had been duly arranged, the ceremony was begun. A calm resignation was apparent in the countenance of Arnold; and as he pronounced the sublime and pathetic language of the service, a kind of divine enthusiasm lightened from his eyes. Now and then his speech would falter, and



and the tear would fill his eye, and I witnessed many an effort to suppress the tender emotions of his soul; but a high sense of the duty of his office kept within restriction the feelings of the father. He had now proceeded a considerable way in the service, and the corse was made ready to be laid in the earth, when suddenly the folding doors of the church were thrown open, and a young man, in mourning, rushed vehemently in; his aspect was hurried and wild, and he exclaimed in a loud but convulsive tone of voice, "Where is my Maria, think not to wrest her from me, I will see her once more, I come to die with thee, my love. Stand off ye inhuman wretches; off, and give me way." He then broke through the crowd, which had opposed him, and seeing the coffin, he started some paces backwards; "Help me, she is murdered," he exclaimed, "my gentle love is murdered;" and and throwing himself on the coffin he became speechless with agony. It was with the utmost difficulty we tore him from it; he struggled hard, and his eyes darted fire; but at length, having liberated himself, he paused for a moment; then striking his forehead with his hand, he muttered, "I will---'tis fit it should be so," and darting furiously through the aisle, disappeared. But scarce had we time to breathe, before he again entered, dragging a man advanced in years; "Come

"Come on, thou wretched author of my being," he exclaimed; "come see the devastation thou hast made!" and compelling him to approach the coffin, "look," he said, "see! where she bleeds beneath thy ruthless arm! O my deserted love! see'st thou not how she supplicates thy mercy! perdition! but I will not curse thee, O my father, I will not curse thee;" and saying this, he threw himself on the coffin. The old man, in the mean time, became the picture of horror; his hair stood erect, his face was as pale as death, and his teeth struck each other; he looked first upon the coffin, and then upon his son, and, racked with pity and remorse, he at last burst into tears: "Have compassion on me, my son;" he cried, "kill not thy father." "It is enough," said the youth, slowly lifting up his head; "it is enough, my father;" and being now more calm, we prevailed upon him to arise; and Arnold, after some time, concluded the ceremony.

You will naturally conceive our consternation, sir, during this dreadful scene, and how much it would shock the feelings of the worthy curate; who, after the first tumult of surprise had ceased, conducted himself with all that dignity and mildness of manner so peculiarly engaging in his character. Old Stafford, and his son, who was with difficulty persuaded to quit the church, were

now

now led to the parsonage. Their appearance had been occasioned by a letter written by miss Stafford to her brother, mentioning the situation of Maria, her miscarriage, indisposition, and the treatment she had met with; and, irritated to the highest degree, he immediately left the continent, and arrived at his father's house early on the same day Maria was buried. Her death was unknown at H—t—n-hall, and Henry insisted upon his father's accompanying him immediately to the curate's, as his presence would be necessary for the satisfaction of both parties. Mr. Stafford was much averse to the measure; but, as his son's health had been lately upon the decline, and his present agitated state of mind contributed greatly to increase his complaint, he reluctantly complied with his request, still hoping to avoid so unprofitable a connection. Upon their arrival at Ruysd—le, they drove to the parsonage, and being there informed of the death of Maria, and that the burial service was then actually performing, the carriage was then ordered to the church, and Henry rushed in, in the manner above-mentioned.

The Staffords, having continued a couple of days at the parsonage, returned to H—t—n-hall. Young Strafford's health is still very bad, and we are apprehensive he will fall a sacrifice to the  
unfeeling

unfeeling tyranny of a father, whose remorse is now as excessive as it is fruitless.

I shall stay here a few months with my worthy friend, until time hath in some degree mitigated the pressure of his misfortune. I find also a melancholy pleasure in visiting the many scenes in this neighbourhood, whose romantic and sequestered beauty, gave employment to the pencil and taste of Maria, and I am now finishing this hasty sketch, on the banks of the rapid Sw——le, and under the shelter of an oak, whose antique branches throw a broad and ample gloom athwart his surface; turbulent he pours along beneath yon scowling precipice, he rises from his bed, and wild his gloomy spirit shrieks. Here, sir, can I indulge the fervor of my imagination; here can I call up the fleeting forms of fancy; I can here hold converse with Maria; and, yielding to the pensive bias of my mind, enjoy the torrent and the howling storm.

N.



No. 17.—SATURDAY, *May 22, 1790.*

Can music's voice, can beauty's eye,  
Can painting's glowing hand supply  
A charm so suited to my mind,  
As blows this hollow gust of wind,  
As drops this little weeping rill,  
Soft tinckling down the moss-grown hill,  
While thro' the west, where sinks the crimson day  
Meek twilight slowly fails, and waves her banners  
gray?

MASON.

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TO meliorate the sufferings of unmerited calamity, to enable us to bear up against the pressure of detraction, and the wreck of ties the most endearing, benevolent Providence hath wisely mingled, in the cup of sorrow, drops of a sweet and soothing nature. If, when the burst of passion dies away; if when the violence of grief abates, rectitude of conduct, and just feeling be possessed,

H

recollection

recollection points not the arrow of misfortune, it adds not the horrors of guilt; no, it gives birth to sensations the most pleasing, sweet, though full of sorrow, melancholy, yet delightful, which soften and which calm the mind, which heal, and pour balm into the wounded spirit. The man, whose efforts have been liberal and industrious, deserving though unfortunate, whom poverty and oppression, whom calumny and ingratitude have brought low, feels, whilst conscious innocence dilates his breast, that secret gratulation, that self-approving and that honest pride which fits him to sustain the pangs of want and of neglect; he finds, amid the bitterest misfortunes that virtue still can whisper peace, can comfort, and can bid the wretched smile. Thus even where penury and distress put on their sternest features, and where the necessities of life are with difficulty procured, even here are found those dear emotions which arise from purity of thought and action; emotions from whose influence no misery can take away, from whose claim to possession no tyrant can detract, which the guilty being deprived of, sicken and despair, and which he who holds fast is comparatively blest.

But where the mind has been liberally and elegantly cultivated, where much sensibility and strength of passion are present, and the misfortunes occurring, turn upon the loss of some tender

der and beloved connection, in this case, what may be called the luxury of grief is more fully and exquisitely displayed. That mild and gentle sorrow, which, in the bosom of the good, and of the feeling, succeeds the strong energies of grief, is of a nature so soothing and grateful, so friendly to the soft emotions of the soul, that those, whose friendship, or whose love the hand of fate has severed, delight in the indulgence of reflections which lead to past endearment, which, dwelling on the virtues, the perfections of the dead, breathe the pure spirit of melancholy enthusiasm.

— Ask the faithful youth

Why the cold urn of her, whom long he lov'd,  
So often fills his arms, so often draws  
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour  
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?  
Oh, he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds  
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise  
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths,  
With virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,  
And turns his tears to rapture.

AKENSIDE.

Here, every thing which tends to soften and refine the mind, to introduce a pensive train of thought,

thought, and call the starting tear, will long and ardently be cherished. Music, the solace of the mourner, that food of tender passion, which, while it sweetly melts the soul, corrects each harsh and painful feeling, will ever to the wretched be a source of exquisite sensation. Those writers who have touched the finest chords of pity, who mingling the tenderest simplicity with the strongest emotions of the heart, speak the very language of nature, have elegantly drawn the effects of music on the mind; the Fonrose of Marmontelle, the Maria of Sterne, and the Julia de Roubigné of Mackenzie, but more especially the Minstrel of Beattie, sweetly evince this delightful and bewitching melancholy which so blandly steals upon the children of sorrow.

That the contemplation of nature, of the various features of the sublime and of the beautiful, often lead to reflections of a solemn and serious cast, is a circumstance well established; and on this account the possession of romantic and sequestered scenery is a requisite highly wished for by those who mourn the loss of a beloved object. The gloomy majesty of antique wood, the awful grandeur of o'erhanging rock, the frequent dashing of perturbed water, throw a sombre tint round, which suits the language of complaining grief. Perhaps to the wild and picturesque beauties



ties of Valclusa we owe much of the poetry, much of the pathos of Petrarch, the perpetuity of whose passion for Laura was, without doubt, greatly strengthened by such a retreat; where, free from interruption, he could dwell upon the remembrance of her virtue and her beauty, could invoke her gentle spirit, and indulge the sorrows of his heart.

Frequently also do the milder and more tranquil scenes of nature produce sensations of a like kind; how delightful to the bosom of sadness, are the still sweet beauties of a moonlight evening, and who, that has a heart to feel, is not struck by the soft and tender scenery of a Claude, whose setting suns diffuse such an exquisite melancholy, and whose shadowy foregrounds drop such a grateful gloom, as are peculiarly captivating to the mind of taste and sensibility.

But, independent of a train of thought produced by adverse circumstances, scenery of a stupendous and solitary cast, will ever have, upon a person of acute feeling, somewhat of a similar effect; it will dispose to contemplation, it will suggest a wish for seclusion, a romantic and visionary idea of happiness abstracted from society. Those, who possess a genius of which imagination is the strongest characteristic, are, of all others the most susceptible of enthusiasm; and, if placed

amid scenes of this description, and where civilization has made little progress, they will eventually be the sons of poetry, melancholy, and superstition. To these causes we may ascribe the peculiarities of Ossian, his deep and uninterrupted gloom, his wild but impressive mythology. I do not, indeed, deny that even in the most polished periods of society much of this cast of mind may be observed; it is ever, I think, attendant upon genius, but, at the same time, so tempered by the sober tints of science and philosophy, that it seldom breaks in upon the province of judgment and right ratiocination. The melancholy of Milton, Young, and Gray, was so repressed by the chastening hand of reason and education, as never to infringe upon the duties of life; the spirit, the energy of Milton's comprehensive soul, the rational and sublime piety of Young, the learning and morality of Gray, powerfully withheld the accession of a state of mind so inimical to the rights of society. I speak here (as I have before hinted) but of a constitutional bias of mind, not of that deep sorrow which arises from the loss of a beloved relative, or from the unmerited pressure of adversity.

In addition to what has been observed concerning the effect of scenery, let it be added, that those whom misfortune has bowed down, and  
who

who have fled into retirement to indulge the luxury of grief, that those take peculiar pleasure in being witnesses to the decay and sad vicissitudes of nature, that the commencement and decline of autumn, the ravages of winter, the fury of the mountain torrent, the howling of the midnight storm, the terrors of a sultry noon, the burst of thunder and flash of lightning, are to them sources of sympathy and consolation. What sublime and pensive images may they not derive from the melancholy sighing of the gale, particularly from "that pause," observes Mr. Gray, "as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear" "in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of" "an *Æolian* harp. There is nothing," adds he, "so like the voice of a spirit." And, indeed, however inconsiderable, in itself, such a sound may be, yet, from the association of ideas, and from the general knowledge of its being the preface of a storm, it derives a degree of awful and impressive grandeur, admirably adapted to the nurture of reflection. In such a situation as this, every thing is in unison with their feelings, each object seems to suffer; and to a mind pregnant with images of distress, little is wanting to immediate personification; they may exclaim in the beautiful and descriptive language of Miss Seward,

'Twas here, e'en here! where now I sit reclin'd,  
And winter's sighs found hollow in the wind;  
Loud, and more loud, the blast of evening raves,  
And strips the oaks of their last ling'ring leaves.  
The eddying foliage in the tempest flies,  
And fills with duskier gloom the thick'ning skies,  
Red sinks the sun behind the howling hill,  
And rushes with hoarse stream, the mountain rill;  
And now with ruffling billows, cold and pale,  
Runs swollen and dashing down the lonely vale;  
While to these tearful eyes, grief's faded form  
Sits on the cloud, and sighs amid the storm.

That this amiable and tender sorrow so frequently the concomitant of the best disposition and principles, and the certain test of a generous and susceptible heart, that this should be so often carried to an extreme, should so often militate against our social and domestic duties, is an event which merits the most serious attention. It is however not uncommon; he, to whom those sweet but melancholy sensations have been once known, will not easily be persuaded to relinquish them; he shuns society, and, dwelling on the deprivations he has suffered, seeks to indulge what, when thus cherished, is but childish imbecility. It is the more necessary, perhaps, that an error of this kind be corrected, as from the  
fashionable



fashionable rage of affected sensibility, many otherwise would suppose themselves evincing an undoubted claim to feelings, "tremblingly alive," by a mode of conduct which convicts them of folly and hypocrisy.

At the same time that the Speculator repro-  
bates the excess of grief, as detracting from our  
public and our private duties, he, by no means  
wishes to restrain those pensive and those soft  
emotions which arise from just affection for de-  
parted excellence, or from the consciousness of  
rectitude of conduct and unmerited adversity; on  
the contrary, he is their advocate, they support  
us under our misfortunes, they afford us a luxury  
most soothing to the mind: but let us take care  
it degenerates not into weakness, that it leads not  
to unprofitable solitude; for, he has already ob-  
served, "it is not good for man to be alone."

N.

No. 18.—TUESDAY, May 25, 1790.

*O lacrymarum fons tenero sacros  
Ducentium ortus ex animo, quater  
Felix qui in imo scatentem,  
Pectore te pia Nympha sensit.*

---

**I**F we trust to the assertions of those, who think proper to claim the possession of sensibility, how common, how widely diffused among the sons of men, must this best and sweetest of the gifts of nature and education be; and yet, alas! when he whose heart hath ever melted at the sufferings of distress, whose liberality hath ever been poured out upon the children of penury, whose friendship and whose love hath been permanent and pure, when he shall step forward in the world, solicitous to extend the sphere of his benevolence, solicitous to claim kindred with those  
of

of a congenial temper, with those whose compositions had impressed him in their favour, how will he stand aghast, how will his heart sink within him, when, instead of sympathy and of charity, of social and of domestic feeling, he shall find apathy and avarice, find extortion and cruelty.

That this is not an overcharged picture, I am well convinced. There are many, whose writings breathe the very soul of sensibility, with whom the slightest impulse of pity and of distress ought to operate, and yet, unhappily for virtue, their compositions and their lives, their sentiments and their actions, correspond not. There are many, also, from whom the delineations of elegant distress, the struggles of disastrous love, or the plaintive sorrows of deluded innocence, will not fail to elicit the tear of sympathy; but when objects of real distress, when sickness and when poverty, when pain and when decrepitude present themselves, they shudder at the sight, they pass on, they fly the wretched mourner.

This being the case, who shall estimate the feelings, or the morality of an author, from the completion of his writings? surely no one; and if, in the following little ode, the sentiments be good, and the imagery poetic, every purpose of the Speculator is accomplished. On it he founds no claim to sensibility, perfectly satisfied if, in  
the

the small circle of his acquaintance, he is known to have had compassion on the unfortunate, if, void of ostentation, he has silently relieved the imploring wretch, and the sickening poor.

### ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

HAIL, nymph of sweetly-tender thought !  
Lov'd source of blifs, with rapture fraught,  
Of sympathetic woe ;  
O come, within my throbbing heart,  
Bid love reside, or grief impart  
Soft Pity's melting throe.

For, mid her deep disastrous scene,  
Thou lov'st to shew thy pensive mien,  
Thy dewy glist'ning eye,  
And mid wild mis'ry's naked shed  
To lie, and weeping raise her head,  
And heave the plaintive sigh.

Blest be that hour, for ever blest,  
When first my lenient hand repress'd  
The pang of fell despair ;  
When first, whilst thou convuls'd my frame,  
In artless garb the Muses came,  
With sweet and winning air.

Then



Then rush'd upon my thrilling soul  
Those scenes that, form'd by fancy, roll,  
    Athwart the poet's view ;  
What time, when fire-eyed Rapture raves,  
Deep, deep, his ample spirit laves  
    Amid Aōnian dew.

Thou know'st, dear maid ! from early youth,  
To thee I've vow'd eternal truth,  
    Each trembling pulse is thine ;  
To thee, first lisp'd my accents rude,  
And oft my starting tear bedew'd  
    Thy lowly moss-built shrine.

Here, as the bard, with drooping wreath  
Lone seeks the dewy vale to breathe  
    Deep Sorrow's plaintive lay,  
Slow from the sad complaining breeze,  
Thy form, soft-blushing, rapt he sees  
    Each melting charm display.

Thine eyes with pity fraught, and love,  
Amid whose blue, quick-glancing, rove  
    Warm Hope and young Desire,  
While oft as Pleasure rose to view,  
Bright-beaming, from their orbits flew  
    Wild Rapture's sweetest fire.

Thy

Thy cheek, with roseate bloom suffus'd,  
Thy lip, whose ruby tinct diffus'd  
    . Pure quintessence of bliss,  
Where ever waits sincerity,  
Soft love, and eager extacy,  
    The balmy fragrant kiss.

Thine hair, of lightly auburn hue,  
That floating o'er thy bosom drew  
    Its wildly wanton way,  
Or down thy shoulders clust'ring hung,  
Or to the whisp'ring zephyrs flung,  
    In sport and am'rous play.

Thy limbs, in snowy vest array'd,  
Oft chastly, thro' the folds, display'd,  
    Though bound with roseate zone:  
Thine hand, o'er which was careless flung  
Th' Æolian harp, sad-warbling, strung  
    To love's pathetic tone.

Whose sounds so melancholy roll,  
So sweet, so tender o'er the soul,  
    Expressive all and wild,  
Struck by the beings of the air,  
Now swell'd to love, to grief, despair,  
    Now sunk to pity mild.

Oh,

Oh, lovely maid! to thee belong  
The deeply-moving plaintive song,  
The sad, the tearful tale;  
To thee, the virgin's soft desire,  
To thee, the youth's bold am'rous fire,  
And mis'ry's frantic wail.

Inspir'd by thee, sung Pella's bard\*,  
Blest with thy favour'd, fond regard,  
His woe-empassion'd lay:  
See, the lov'd, faithful, tender wife!  
Ah, see, she faints! the breath of life  
Yet panting, hastes away.

Dead in her husband's arms she lies!  
Hark! what loud, thick and lab'ring sighs  
Upheave his troubled breast:  
Ah, cease thou lovely child! nor shriek,  
Come kiss, O kiss her clay-cold cheek,  
Still to his bosom prest.

Thou too mid Otway's scenes display'd  
Thy charming, vital, heav'nly aid,  
Thy soul-distracting song,  
Still, on wild Arun's sedgy side,  
Sweet melancholy voices glide  
At eve the woods along.

\* Euripides.

For

For there, in thine and Pity's cave,  
Wash'd by the gently-murm'ring wave,  
Ye nurs'd his infant years:  
Oft would he rove the shadowy plain;  
Sad Arun heard the pensive strain,  
And caught his trickling tears.

And thine, Rousseau's love-breathing thought,  
With tender, trembling ardour fraught,  
With soft, tumultuous bliss:  
She burns, she faints, delicious death!  
Caught from her lover's balmy breath,  
From the warm, eager kifs.

Bear me to Claren's hallow'd grove,  
Where, blushing, you and rapture rove,  
Deep hid from lawless view,  
Where oft the rosy sighing maid  
Fond sought the close embow'ring shade,  
To love's blest influence due.

Sweet Sensibility! best friend!  
Haste, haste, thy footsteps hither bend,  
And all thy soul impart;  
Dear to my humble breast art thou,  
Dear as the ruddy drops that flow  
From my sad, flutt'ring heart.



Ah me! if e'er I prove unkind,  
If e'er forget thy wound to bind,  
Thy wretched to relieve,  
May dull oblivion wrap my head,  
And dead to joy, to pity dead,  
My bosom cease to heave.

N.

No. 19.—SATURDAY, *May 29*, 1790.

O, Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,  
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line;  
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,  
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

COLLINS.

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THE Passions which the German Tragedy is in general most calculated to excite, are those in which terror predominates. The tenderer strokes of pure pathos which soften the heart with the melting emotions of pity, though sometimes intermingled in a manner the most touching, are diffused with a more sparing hand. The writer who next claims our attention, though possessed of powers to move the softer, finer feelings of the soul, has delighted to exert the energy of his genius in that province of the drama, where the great and terrible sway. Schiller, the subject of the present paper, is one of the modern tragic writers of Germany, and commenced his dramatic career with a piece called the Robbers.

At

At a later period the famous conspiracy of Fiesko against the government of Genoa, furnished him with the groundwork of a second tragedy. A story of domestic calamity worked into a drama, called *Cabal and Love*, and another piece founded on the romantic misfortunes of Carlos, prince of Spain, are the two last productions of his pen. In *Don Carlos*, Schiller has made use of blank verse; his former tragedies, like those of most other German writers, were all in prose, but that of a kind possessing merits peculiar and appropriated. In the four tragic dramas of Schiller the greater part of those faults as well as beauties, with which the genius of the German stage appears so strongly marked, are abundantly exemplified.

The examination of those compositions, in which regularity and artificial labour are the more obvious merits, where neither the imagination is suddenly dazzled by great and elevated excellence, or the understanding shocked by striking and unexpected imperfections, affords a task to criticism, involving only few difficulties.

But when, as it so often happens in works of genius, defects and graces are closely interwoven, and the highest beauties usher in the grossest faults, the impartiality of cool and candid investigation is not easily preserved. On one side, the warmth and sensibility of keen admiration is apt to dictate the language of indefinite panegyric; while

while on the other, the rigour of colder judgment disgusted by imperfections and absurdities, overlooks real merit in one general sentence of condemnation. This difficulty strongly applies to the critical examination of German tragedy in general, or at least the greater part of it, and the pieces of Schiller in particular, which to different enquirers may thus suggest opinions of their merit, different almost in the extreme.

The beauties of Schiller are those belonging to original genius. Neglecting that negative merit which is attained by a tame and faultless character of tragedy, he hazards every thing in pursuit of strength, elevation, and novelty of thought. Imagery the most vivid and daring, situations singular and impressive, the verbum ardens pushed almost to rashness, a structure of language full of nerve, rich and dignified, mark every page of the writings of Schiller. Like our own Shakespeare, he sometimes delights and affects, even while he violates every rule, and leaves far behind him the decorum of the scene and the strictness of propriety; satisfied to bid the human heart glow with the fire of communicated passion, or the imagination expand to the grandeur of conception. In the characters of Schiller traces of high originality are abundant. Those of the Marquis Posa, in *Don Carlos*; Lady Milford, *Verrina*, and some others, are marked by features equally

new



new and striking. As a delineator of character, Schiller, however, is rather distinguished by a strong and bold outline than by the little nicer and more delicate touches of discrimination, which mark the pictures of Shakespeare, and stamp the personages drawn by his poetic fancy with the truth and reality of nature herself.

The spirit of Schiller is marked and peculiar : he is the *Æschylus* of the German drama. He seems, by a native impulse, to have felt his daring pencil directed to those scenes of horror and affright, from the contemplation of which, minds less energetic have shrunk in dismay. Fiery and unfettered, his genius has delighted to seek the loftier and more inaccessible regions of tragic poetry ; to expand, as in its native element, amidst the shock and tempest of the fiercer passions, which convulse the soul and lay desolate the breast of man ; descending little to the lower provinces of dramatic effect or the minutiae of the scene. In the hands of Schiller, the strings of the human heart are struck with a boldness approaching to temerity. On the milder passions, by which, in the scenes of other dramatists, the soul is gently moved, and the bosom taught to vibrate with soft and delicious sorrow, he has disdained to fix his hold. It is not the tear, which in the tender distress, the languishments of disappointed passion, suffuses the melting eye of sensibility, that his poetic

poetic fictions are to call forth; but the gush of heartfelt anguish, sympathizing with the last worst strokes of man's misery, shuddering at the view of calamity, hopeless and irremediable. It is to astonish, to terrify, to shake the soul, that in the construction of his dramas the grander efforts of his genius are directed. In the agonies of despairing love, in situations where man is bowed to the grave with irretrievable woe, in the dreadful councils of banditti, and the horror of conspiracies and plots, he has sought for scenes alone congenial to the wildness of his fancy.

The faults of Schiller are closely interwoven with his highest excellencies, and may often be traced to the same source. Some of these are too prominent to be passed over by candid criticism, and claim more attention, as having not a little reference to our drama. In the first tragedy of Schiller, the plot is marked with wildness and irregularity, which shock the judgment, and almost annihilate probability. The stage too often streams with blood, and the representation is connected with circumstances from which the mind recoils in horror. The extravagance of fancy is sometimes, in the construction of character, pushed beyond the simple modesty of nature. Of this Franz is an example; the impression which the vices of such a personage would leave on the mind, and the interest of the character, degenerate

rate from excessive deformity into incredulity and aversion. The effort so constantly exerted to stamp conception with fire and energy is liable to be overstrained, and not unfrequently produces images, too near the brink of horror and disgust to operate the effects of pleasure or admiration. From a similar cause expression is often rendered harsh, and metaphor carried to obscurity; while, in the more forcible painting of passion, a roughness is apt to interweave itself, against which the polish of modern manners may revolt as coarse and indelicate. Such are the defects which principally occur in Schiller's first dramatic efforts, though even his latest are not perfectly exempt from them, and which abound in the earlier part of the present æra of the German stage. It is with such as these that genius is debased in the tragedy of Klinger. The example of Lessing, however, has pointed out an exception to the general wildness and irregularity of structure in the German drama, and proved that chastity of composition and adherence to rule are not incompatible with the spirit of the tragedy of his country.

A progression of a nature the most marked and obvious is to be noted in the regularity and polish of Schiller's dramatic writings. In his first production, the Robbers, unfettered by established laws, unrestrained by the sober dictates of judgment, he gave full scope to the irregular workings of an imagination

imagination which glowed to excess with the wild and terrific. In the Conspiracy of Fiesko, a warmth of fancy, equally vivid, animates the scene, but with much of the original wildness and extravagance of genius brought into subjection the exuberance of untutored powers repressed, and the horrors which breathed throughout the former piece, somewhat softened down. The painting of female character, which, in the Robbers, is little definitive or attractive, forms in Fiesko a prominent and pleasing feature of the drama, and assumes a shape highly interesting in the subsequent tragedies, Cabal and Love, and Don Carlos. In these, the lawless energy of that imagination, which at first bore down all before it, and mocked the bounds which were to confine its wanderings, is still farther submitted to the guidance of cool reason, and has not disdained the alliance of art and regularity. The plot of Cabal and Love, is happily contrived to excite curiosity and fix attention, which is not suspended till the end, and all its distinct parts are contrived with much art, while they connect with each other, to contribute to the general catastrophe. In the last pieces of Schiller, the power of swaying the tenderer emotions, which amidst the terrible graces of his first drama was little to be traced, is often happily exerted.

To



To communicate some idea of the peculiarities which mark the tragedy of Schiller, a part of Cabal and Love, one of his later pieces, will be presented, in the following papers, to the English reader. If the translation, though confessedly little adequate to convey the full strength and spirit of the original, shall present a picture, where the appropriated and impressive features which mark the tragic drama of the Germans may be traced, however faintly, the author will consider his efforts as not altogether directed in vain. From this production of Schiller, the conclusion will be selected, as an exemplification of his powers, exerted in the imitation of passion, in which, though the more strong and terrible emotions of the soul prevail, traits of tender pathos are interwoven, more touching than his scenes usually contain.

H.

No. 20.—TUESDAY, *June 1*, 1790.

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A Short account will unfold as much of the plot as is necessary to elucidate the part chosen for translation, and introduce the reader to the personages whose fate is involved in the catastrophe.

Louisa, the daughter of Miller, a poor musician, is loved with passionate attachment by Ferdinand baron Walter, the son of a person of the highest rank at the court of a German prince. The passion of Ferdinand, whose character is drawn in all the warmth and openness of youth, fiery and impetuous, incapable of deceit, and a slave to strict honour, is returned with equal ardour and delicacy by Louisa, whose heart, glowing with every interesting and attractive virtue, has staked its whole sum of earthly happiness on the love of Ferdinand and the affection of a parent. The father, a plain honest man, whose wishes centre  
in

in the felicity of a child who is the object of his fond idolatry, after much fruitless opposition, unwillingly suffers the attachment of Ferdinand to Louisa. The character of Ferdinand is contrasted by that of his father, the president baron Walter, crafty, crooked in his policy, devoted to the intrigues of courts, and little influenced by motives of honour or morality, when in pursuit of wealth or power.

His secretary, Worm, diabolical in his principles, capable of suggesting and executing the blackest mischiefs, and privy to the secret villainies by which the president has attained to power, is the companion of all his counsels. The passion of Ferdinand, however dignified by the merits of its object, excites the fierce resentment of the president, who, ever attentive to the voice of ambition and self-interest, had determined to sacrifice his son, by uniting his hand to that of Lady Milford, the mistress of the prince, in order to secure his own consideration at court by her influence, and keep up the strength of the political *Cabal*, to which he is indebted for power and importance. This, the *Love* of Ferdinand, in league with every principle of honour in his bosom, opposes with violence and fixed resolution, and the president, assisted by the counsels of his secretary, determines to leave no project untried, however base and insidious, to crush a passion so

fatal to the interested views of his ambition, and compel his son to the dishonourable union with lady Milford.

After a fruitless attempt to tear Louisa by force from Ferdinand, he follows the diabolical advice of Worm, and, entering with him into a villainous plot, uses a method more sure and secret to separate the lovers. The parents of Louisa are, at his instigation, seized and imprisoned; accusations for imaginary crimes, are preferred against them, and their lives threatened with immediate danger. In the moment of horror and anxiety, distracted with fear, and trembling for the fate of her family, Louisa is beset by the machinations of the president, and a letter at last wrung from her, couched in terms contemptuous to her lover, and expressing the warmth of passion to another, which she is told, is the only means to save her father from death and her mother from infamy: the horrible secret is sealed by an oath never to reveal the fraud, and her obligation rendered irrevocable by the solemnity of the sacrament. The letter so obtained is soon thrown, as if by accident, in the way of Ferdinand, who, unable to penetrate the darkness of artifice so well concerted gives into the snare. The impetuosity of his temper is fired to madness; the storm of jealousy rages in his soul with unbounded fury, his passion changes to hatred the most



most implacable, and he forms the blackest projects of revenge against the innocent and unhappy victim of his father's treachery. Louisa, threatened by lady Milford, with all her hopes broken, fettered by the dreadful secret which was to ruin her love and wound her honour for ever, becomes weary of life, and broods over her misfortunes in black and desperate melancholy. In this situation of things the fifth act commences, with the return of Miller, the father of Louisa, to his house.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Dusk of the Evening. A Room in MILLER'S House.*

[LOUISA sits silent, and without moving, in the darkest corner of the room, with her head sunk upon her arm; after a long and deep pause the Father enters with a lantern in his hand, anxiously lights all round the chamber, without perceiving LOUISA, then lays his hat on the table, and sets the lantern down.]

MILLER. She is not here then. Again not here. I have hurried through every street, I have been to every acquaintance, I have enquired at every gate.—My child has been no where seen. [*After a little silence.*] Patience! patience!

poor unhappy father. Wait awhile till morning, perhaps then thy only one will come swimming at last to shore——O God! O God! if my heart has hung upon this daughter too idolatrously?—It is a hard punishment, heavenly Father, hard indeed! I will not murmur, heavenly father, but the punishment is hard. [*Throws himself sorrowfully on a chair.*]

LOUISA. [*Speaking from the corner where she sits.*] Thou dost well, poor old man! learn sometimes what it is to lose.

MILLER. [*Jumps up.*] Art thou there then, my child? Art thou there—but why without light? why thus alone?

LOUISA. I am not alone, when all around me is thus black, the visitors I like best are with me.

MILLER. God protect thee! he alone on whom the worm of conscience gnaws, flocks with the owl. Guilt and evil spirits shun the light.

LOUISA. And eternity also, my father, which discourses with the soul, that has none to help her.

MILLER. Daughter! daughter! what discourses are those?

LOUISA. [*Standing up and coming forwards.*] I have fought an hard battle. You know it father. God has given me strength—the contest is decided. They call our sex soft and weak.

Believe

Believe it no longer. We shudder indeed before a spider; but 'tis only sport, while we clasp in our arms the black monster corruption. Thus much for intimation. Thy Louisa is cheerful, my father.

MILLER. Hearken, Louisa! rather would I hear thee groan. Thou would'st better please me.

LOUISA. How I will out-trick him, my father, how I will deceive the tyrant!—Love is more cunning and bolder far than malice—that he was not aware of, the man with the ill-boding star—oh! how crafty they are, while they have only the head to deal with, but when once they engage with the heart, how the wretches are confounded—did he think to seal his treachery by an oath?—Oaths, my father, bind fast the living, in death even the iron bond of the sacrament dissolves. Ferdinand will know his Louisa. —Father will you take charge of this letter? will you have that kindness?

MILLER. To whom, Louisa?

LOUISA. Singular question! infinity and my heart together, have not room for one more thought than him: to whom could I write but him?

MILLER. [*Alarmed.*] Hearken, Louisa! shall open the letter.

LOUISA. Do as you will, father, but you will learn little there; in that the characters lie dead and cold, and are animated to the eyes of love alone.

MILLER. [*Reads.*] “Ferdinand thou art  
“betrayed,—a villainy, without a parallel has  
“rent asunder the bonds of our hearts, but a  
“tremendous oath has fettered my tongue, and  
“thy father’s listeners watch all around. Yet,  
“if thou hast courage, my beloved,—I know a  
“third place where oaths bind no longer, and  
“where he can send no listeners.” [*Miller pauses and looks earnestly in her face.*]

LOUISA. Why do you look so at me, father? read it all out.

MILLER. [*Reads.*] “But thou must have  
“courage, to travel through a dark passage,  
“where thou shalt find no light, but thy Louisa  
“and God.—Love alone must come with thee,  
“all thy young hopes must be left behind, all  
“thy tumultuous wishes. Nothing can serve  
“thee there but thy heart. Will’st thou—then  
“haste away when the clock of the Carmelite  
“steeple strikes twelve. Art thou afraid—then  
“strike out the word courageous from thy sex,  
“for a maiden has put thee to shame.”

MILLER. [*Lays down the letter, beholds Louisa some time with a fixed and anxious look, then turning*



*turning round to her says in a low broken voice.]*

And this third place, my daughter?

LOUISA. You know it not; you can in truth not know it?—wonderful! that place is painted so as to be found. Ferdinand will find it.

MILLER. Hum—speak out more plainly.

LOUISA. I know no soft and lovely word that suits it; be not terrified if its name is hateful. This place—O love, why hast thou not invented titles! it would then have had the most attractive. This third place, my good father—but you must let me speak out—this third place is—the grave.

MILLER. [*Staggering to a chair.*] O my God!

LOUISA. [*Goes to him and supports him.*] Not so, my father. These are only horrors which plant themselves around the word—away with these, and there is laid a bridal bed, o'er which the morning spreads her golden carpet, and where the spring scatters her variegated garlands. None but a groaning sinner can misname death a frightful skeleton; he is a kind and gentle youth, blooming as love himself is painted, but not like him malicious—a silent serviceable genius, who lends his arm to help the soul, worn out in this world's pilgrimage, over the bounds of time, unlocks the fairy palace of everlasting bliss, salutes us like a friend and vanishes.

MILLER. What art thou proposing, my child; violence from thy own hands?

LOUISA. Call it not so, father. To quit a place where I have been so hardly used—to cut short the delays which hold me from rushing to another, from which my absence is become intolerable—is this a crime?

MILLER. The most detestable of all is suicide my daughter; the only one where repentance is cut off for ever, for the moment of guilt is the period of existence.

LOUISA. Horrid!—but it shall not be so sudden. I will plunge into the river father, and call on the Almighty for mercy, as I sink.

MILLER. That is, thou wilt repent of the robbery, when what thou hast stolen is secure. Daughter, take heed, and sport not with thy God in the moment thou most hast need of him. Oh it is far, far gone with thee indeed—thou hast ceased thy prayers to heaven, and the All-merciful has withdrawn his hand from thee.

LOUISA. Is it then a crime to love, my father?

MILLER. If thou lovest thy God aright, love will never be a crime—thou hast bowed me low, my only one! low, low, perhaps bowed me even to the grave.—Yet, I will not add to the heaviness of thy heart—daughter, something I said a while ago. I thought myself alone. Thou heard'st it, my child, and why should I keep it longer in concealment? thou wast my idol. Hear me,  
Louisa,

Louisa, if that breast have still a place for the feelings of a father; thou wast my all. It is not now thy own, thou art about to throw away; I also have my all to lose; thou seest how these hairs grow grey, I feel that time come daily, nearer to me, when fathers, as I am, begin to enter on that capital of love, they have laid up in their children's hearts. Canst thou rob me of that, Louisa? wilt thou carry off with thee all thy fathers earthly good and riches?

LOUISA. [*Kisses his hand with the most lively emotion.*] No, no, my father. I quit this world your greatest debtor, and will repay you in eternity with interest.

MILLER. Take heed, my child, your reckoning is not false. [*Earnestly and with solemnity.*] Shall we there meet, Louisa?—see how pale thou growest!—My child must feel, that in another world, a father will in vain seek to overtake her, who hurries from this so long before him. [*Louisa rushes to his arms shuddering with horror; he presses her with warmth to his breast and solemnly proceeds.*] O daughter! daughter! fallen, perhaps already ruined daughter, take to thy heart the solemn words of a father. I cannot watch over thee; I cannot withhold the knife; to thee even a needle is sufficient for destruction; poison I may prevent; thy necklace in those hands is fatal. Louisa! Louisa! I can only warn thee—  
Willst

Will'st thou risque that on the tremendous bridge which divides eternity and time, the faithless vision which now deludes thy cheated senses, may at last desert thee?—Will'st thou rush with a lie before the throne of the Omniscient; for thy sake, Creator, I am here, while thy guilty eyes only seek their perishable idol? and when this frail deity of thy brain, a worm as thou art, prostrate at the feet of thy judge, in that fluctuating moment, belies thy impious confidence, and refers thy cheated hopes, to that eternal mercy, which all the wretch's prayers can scarcely deprecate for himself—how then? [*Louder, and with more energy.*] Unhappy girl, how then? [*He holds her faster, considers her a while with a fixed and penetrating look, then suddenly lets her go.*] From this moment I know nothing more; [*elevating his right hand,*] to thee, judge of all things I answer for this soul no more; do what thou will'st; offer a sacrifice to thy slim youth, that shall make thy evil dæmon shout for joy, and thy right better angel be driven from thy side.—Go then, load thyself with all thy sins, but forget not this the last, the most dreadful, and if the burden be still too light, take also my curse to complete the weight—here is a knife—pierce thy own heart and a father's. [*Weeping aloud, and endeavouring to rush out.*]

LOUISA.



LOUISA. [*Springs up and hurries after him.*] Hold, hold, my father—the rage of tyranny is feeble, to the barbarous force of tenderness!—What shall I do! I cannot! What must I do?

MILLER. If a lover's kisses inflame thee more than the tears of a father—die.

LOUISA. [*After a torturing struggle with some firmness.*] Father! here is my hand! I will—O God! O God! what is it I do? what do, I will!—father, here I swear—alas! alas! wretch that I am, what am I proposing—father. be it so—Ferdinand—O God look down—thus then I annihilate his last remembrance. [*Tears the letter.*]

MILLER. [*Throws himself on her neck in a transport of joy.*] That is once more my daughter!—Look up, Louisa! thou hast lost a lover, but thou hast made a father happy. [*Embracing her between smiles and tears.*] My child! my child! little do I deserve this day of my life. Sinful man that I am, how this angel became mine, God knows—my Louisa! my heaven! O God, little do I know of love, but that it must be torture to break its ties—I well conceive.—

LOUISA. Let us away, my father, from this place—away from the city, where my companions mock me, and my good name is gone for ever.—Away, away, far away from the spot, where

where every object speaks of my ruined happiness—away if possible.—

MILLER. Where thou wilt, Louisa, the bread of our God will no where fail us; nor will he suffer ears to be wanting to my fiddle. Yes! let the worst come—I will set to music the story of thy misfortunes; I will sing a ballad of the daughter, who, to honour a father rent her own heart asunder. As we beg with our song from door to door, sweet will the relish of the alms we gain from their hands who weep at our tale.

## SECOND SCENE.

FERDINAND *enters.*

LOUISA. [*Perceives him first, and throws herself shrieking on the neck of Miller.*] My God! he is here! I am lost.

MILLER. Where? who?

LOUISA. [*Hides her face from Ferdinand, and clings more closely to her father.*] He! he himself!—only look round, my father,—he is here to kill me.

MILLER. [*Perceives him, and steps back.*] What, you here, baron?

FERD. [*Comes slowly nearer, stands at last opposite to Louisa, on whom he casts his eyes with a steady-searching look; after a pause.*] Thanks,  
conscience,

conscience, for this surprise! Thy confession is fearful, but quick and sure, and spares me torture—Good evening, Miller.

MILLER. But in God's name! what would you have, baron? What has brought you here? what means this unexpected visit?

FERD. I knew a time when every second of the day was number'd for me, when anxious longing hung on every stroke of the lingering clock, and laid in eager watch to mark the moment of my coming. How is it that I now surprise you?

MILLER. Depart, depart, baron!—if one spark of pity still lingers in that heart,—if you will not utterly destroy her whom you profess to love, fly—remain not a moment; the blessing of God deserted my house, when your foot crossed my threshold; you have called misery to dwell beneath the roof, where once joy alone had fixed her home. Are you not yet content? Do you come to tear open the wounds, which your ill-starred acquaintance has inflicted on my only child.

FERD. Strange, father! believe me, I bring tidings of joy for your daughter.

MILLER. Fresh hopes to add to new despair—go, go, thou messenger of misfortune! thy looks discredit thy goods.

FERD.

FERD. At last the goal of my hopes appear in sight! Lady Milford, the most dreaded obstacle of our loves, is this moment fled from the country; my father justifies my choice: fortune at last forgets to persecute us; our auspicious stars have the ascendant—I am here to release the word I gave, and carry my bride to the altar.

MILLER. Dost thou hear him, my daughter, dost thou hear him, how he mocks thy cheated hopes? Oh, baron, it well becomes the seducer, to let his wit sport with his crimes.

FERD. Think'st thou I am in sport? by my honour, no,—what I profess is true, as the love of my Louisa, and sacred will I hold it as she her oath—nothing is to me more sacred—Canst thou still doubt? Does there still no blush of joy, suffuse the cheeks of my fair bride?—Wonderful! falsehood must here be current coin, when truth can find so little credit. Do you mistrust my words? Believe this written witness. [*He throws the letter to the Marshal before Louisa.*]

LOUISA. [*Opens the letter and sinks down pale as a corpse.*]

MILLER. [*Without observing this, to the baron.*] What means this, baron? I cannot understand you.

FERD. [*Shews him Louisa.*] She has the better understood me.

MILLER.



MILLER. [*Falls down on Louisa.*] O God!  
my child!

FERD. Pale as death itself!—now, for the first time thy daughter charms me; never was she before so beautiful, this good, this virtuous daughter—with such a countenance of death—the blast of the last judgment, that strips away the gloss from every falsehood, has in this moment driven off the colours, under which this mistress of a thousand arts, might cheat the angels of light themselves. This is her fairest face, this is her first true face; let me kiss it. [*Going towards her.*]

MILLER. Stand back! away, boy! pull not at the heart-strings of a father; I could not guard her from thy insidious caresses, but from thy insults I can.

FERD. What would'st thou do, grey-head? with thee my business is not. Take thou no part in a game so clearly lost, or perhaps, art not also thou more prudent than I thought? Hast thou credited with thy wisdom of sixty years, the intrigues of a daughter, and disgraced thy venerable locks with the traffic of an infamous procurer?—Oh, if it be not so—miserable old man, lay thee down and die—Still there is time. Still thou mayest expire in the sweet intoxication, “I was a happy father!”—One moment later, and thou wilt dash the poisonous viper down to her infernal

fernal home, thou wilt curse the gift and the giver, and sink blaspheming thy God into the grave. [*To Louisa.*] Speak, wretch—did'st thou write this letter?

MILLER. [*Earnestly warning.*] In God's name! daughter, forget not! forget not!

LOUISA. O, my father, that letter—

FERD. That the wrong hands received it?—Thanks to chance! it has done more than all the caution of reason, and will at that last day have played a better part than all the wisdom of the wise.—Chance do I call it? O, when even a sparrow falls, the wise eternal Providence directs; why not when a dæmon is unmasked—I will be answered!—Did'st thou write that letter?

MILLER. [*Aside, adjuring, Louisa by signs.*] Be firm! daughter, be firm! But a single yes,—and all is conquered!

FERD. Pleasant! pleasant indeed! the father himself deceived, every one cheated! Look how the wretch stands there, and even that tongue renounces its obedience to this last falsehood!—Swear by thy God! by that tremendous God, who is truth itself! did'st thou write this letter?

LOUISA. [*After an agonizing struggle, in which she and Miller have conversed by looks, with a firm and decisive voice.*] I wrote that letter.

FERD. [*Stands terrified.*] Louisa!—no! as my soul lives 'tis false—even innocence herself,  
 stretched

stretched on the rack confesses guilt she never knew—I was too violent in asking—is it not true, Louisa?—the vehemence of my question forced thy confession?

LOUISA. It was truth which I confessed.

FERD. No, I say! no, no! thou did'st not write it: it is none of thy hand!—and were it, is it easier to destroy a heart, than to counterfeit an hand? speak truly to me, Louisa—or—no, no, do not! Thou may'st answer, yes and I were lost for ever—a lie, a lie Louisa!—O—could'st thou now find one, could'st with thy open angel's face, but offer one to me, persuade only my eye, only my ear, though my heart were still so cruelly deceived;—O Louisa! all truth might then, with this breath, be driven from creation, and the sacred cause itself bow henceforth its inflexible neck into a courtier's ready reverence. [*With a fearful faltering voice*] Did'st thou write this letter?

LOUISA. Then, by my God! by the tremendous God of truth! Yes.

FERD. [*After some time, with the expression of the deepest anguish.*] Woman! woman!—with what a countenance thou standest now before me?—Offer Paradise with that face, and even in the regions of the damned, thou wilt find no purchaser.—Did'st thou know, Louisa, what thou wert to me? impossible! no! thou knewest not that

that thou wer'st my all!—all—the word is poor and despicable, but eternity itself can hardly circumscribe it, 'tis within it systems of worlds must complete their orbits.—And to sport with it thus basely—O 'tis horrible.

LOUISA. Baron Walter, what I confessed, you heard; I stand condemned by my own tongue. Now leave me; quit an house where you have been so unfortunate.

FERD. 'Tis well, very well! Now I am indeed calm—calm too they say is the shuddering land, o'er which the pestilence has passed—I am so—[*after meditating some time.*] One more request, Louisa!—it is the last! my head burns with fever—it must be cooled. Will'st thou make me some lemonade. [*Louisa leaves the stage.*]



No. 21. — SATURDAY, June 5, 1790.

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THIRD SCENE.

FERDINAND and MILLER.

*[Both walk up and down for some time on opposite sides of the chamber, without speaking.]*

MILLER. *[At last stands still, and contemplates the Baron sorrowfully.]*

DEAR Baron, will your suffering be lessened, when I confess, how from my heart I pity you?

FERD. Let that alone! *[After walking again.]* Miller! at this moment I scarcely know what brought me to your house—what was the occasion?

MILLER. How Baron! did you not come to learn the flute from me? have you forgotten that?

FERD. *[Suddenly interrupting.]* I beheld your daughter—*[After another pause.]* Friend, you have

have little kept your word. We agreed for quiet in my solitary hours. You deceived me, and have sold me scorpions—[*Seeing Miller's agitation.*] No! be not alarmed, old man, thou art not guilty. [*Falling on his neck with emotion.*]

MILLER. As that God knows, who knows all things. [*Wiping his eyes.*]

FERD. [*Beginning again to walk about, sunk in gloomy contemplation.*] Strange! beyond our comprehension strange! are the Almighty's dealings with us. On slender, almost imperceptible strings, hang the most fearful weights—could man know, in that apple he was eating death—hm could he know that? [*Walking still more violently about, then seizing Miller's hand, strongly affected.*] Man! I pay too dear for thy paltry flute—and thou art no gainer—even thou; perhaps, loofest all. [*Turning from him oppressed with violent emotion.*] Ill-fated lessons! would I had never known ye!

MILLER. [*Striving to conceal his agitation.*] This lemonade is over long in coming; suffer me to look after it——

FERD. Haste is needless, good Miller [*muttering to himself,*] above all for the father—do you stay—what was I asking?—yes, is Louisa your only child? Have you no more than her?

MILLER. [*With warmth.*] I have no other child, Baron. I desire no other. My girl just fills

fills up the room within her father's heart—my whole stock of love is staked on that one daughter.

FERD. [*Violently agitated.*] Ha!—see for the drink, good Miller. [*Miller quits the stage.*]

## FOURTH SCENE.

FERDINAND *alone.*

His only child! dost thou feel that, murderer? his only one! heardest thou that, murderer! his only one? and the man has in the wide world of God nothing but his instrument and this only one—and wilt thou rob him of her? Rob him? rob a poor beggar of his hard-earned, last resource? dash that crutch on which the cripple leaned, in pieces before his feet? how! have I then an heart for that?—and when, impatient of delay, he hurries homewards, eager to reckon over in his daughter's face the sum of all his joys—he enters, and there she lies—a flower, withered—dead——trodden down in wantonness, his last, his only, his overflowing hope—ha! and there stands he before her; there he stands, and universal nature withholds at once her vital breath; his stupifying glance wanders, in vain, through an eternity all dark; he seeks for God, but God can find no longer, and returns only more empty—O God! but my father has too an only son—on only son, yet not his all—[*After a pause.*] How then? What does he lose? Can she  
to

to whom love's sacred feelings were only instruments of wanton delusion ; can she make a father happy ?—It cannot be ! I merit thanks while I trample on the viper, before she wounds a parent.

## F I F T H   S C E N E .

LOUISA, FERDINAND, and MILLER.

LOUISA. [*With her eyes swelled by weeping, and a faltering voice, brings the glass to the Baron.*] You will give your orders, 'if it is not right.

FERD. [*Takes the glass, sets it down, and then turns suddenly to Miller.*] I had almost forgotten :—shall I make a request, good Miller ? will you do me a little favour ?

MILLER. A favour ! a thousand !

FERD. I shall be expected at supper. Unfortunately at this moment I am in the worst spirits, company is to me intolerable,—will you step to my father and excuse me ?

LOUISA. [*Alarmed, interrupting them suddenly.*] Suffer me to go there.

MILLER. To the President.

FERD. Not to himself. You will deliver your charge to a servant in the antichamber—for your credential take my watch—I shall still be here when you return—wait for the answer.

LOU-



LOUISA. [*Very anxiously.*] Cannot I do this business for you?

FERD. [*To Miller, who is going.*] Hold—I have something farther! Here is a letter to my father; it came this evening enclosed to me—perhaps some pressing affair—one occasion will serve for both.

MILLER. Very well, Baron.

LOUISA. [*Hangs on her father in dreadful anxiety.*] But, my father, all this I could so well execute.——

MILLER. Thou hast no companion, my child, and the night is dark. [*Goes.*]

FERD. Attend your father with the light, Louisa. [*During Louisa's absence, he goes to the table, and poisons the lemonade.*] Yes, she is lost! she perishes! the powers above give me their nod, the signal of their terrible assent; the vengeance of Heaven takes part with me; her better angel deserts his charge.

## SIXTH SCENE.

FERDINAND and LOUISA.

[*Louisa comes back slowly with the light, sets it down, and places herself over against the Baron, her looks thrown upon the ground, from time to time casting a side-glance fearfully and by stealth on Ferdinand,*

*dinand, he stands on the other side with his looks fixed in deep meditation.]*

*[After a deep silence.]*

LOUISA. Will you accompany me, baron Walter? Shall I touch the harpsichord? *[She opens the instrument.]*

*[Ferdinand gives no answer. A long pause.]*

LOUISA. You owe me still my revenge at chess: do you chuse to play, baron Walter?

*[Another deep pause.]*

LOUISA. Baron Walter! the pocket-book I promised once to embroider for you is begun. Will you look at the design?

*[Again long silence.]*

LOUISA. O I am very wretched!

FERD. *[Still in the same posture.]* That may well be true.

LOUISA. It is not my fault, baron Walter, you are so badly entertained.

FERD. *[Laughs insultingly to himself.]* How can you help my timorous modesty?

LOUISA. As I well foresaw, we make but wretched company—I was in fear, I confess, the instant you sent away my father.—Baron Walter, I suspect this moment must be to each intolerable—with your permission, I can go to some acquaintance and bring them here.

FERD. O surely! by all means! I too can go directly and invite some of mine.

LOU-

LOUISA. *Looks astonished at him.* Baron Walter!

FERD. *Maliciously.* By my honour! the cleverest thought for such a situation. We'll turn this wearisome duet into a fete, and by the help of certain little gallantries, revenge ourselves on all the high-flown reveries of passion.

LOUISA. You are merry, baron Walter.

FERD. Most wonderfully—so that the very boys have chased me in the streets. No! in truth, Louis, I am brought over by thy example. Thou shalt henceforth be my teacher. Fools indeed are they who prate of everlasting love; eternal sameness is so disgusting; variety alone is the very soul of pleasure—a match, Louisa!—have with you—let us frisk from romance to romance, roll from one mire to another,—you on this side—I on that—perhaps in some retreat of infamy, I find that peace I've lost; perhaps then, when this merry race is over, we two mouldering skeletons, stumble with the pleasantest surprize, a second time on one another; and while in the comedy style, we once more recognize each other, by those family features, which that one mother stamps on all her offspring, disgust and mutual shame, may form an harmony between us, which all the tenderness of love availed so little to preserve.

LOUISA. O Walter! Walter! thou art already wretched; wilt thou too deserve thy fate?

FERD. [*In a fury, murmuring through his teeth.*] Wretched am I? who has told thee so? the feelings of one so vile could never teach it— with what can'st thou weigh the sensations of another?—Wretched did she say? Ha! that word might call my fury from the very grave. Wretched must I be, she knew it—death and perdition! that she knew, and still betrayed me—look serpent—that point she remained of pardon—thy own tongue dooms thee to destruction.—Till now thy guilt was in my eyes excused by folly—thou hast in my contempt almost escaped my vengeance. [*Snatching the glass.*] Thou wer'st not fickle, an idiot thou wer'st not—thou wer'st but a devil. [*He drinks.*] The drink is vile. Taste it!

LOUISA. O Heaven! My terrors for this scene were not unjust.

FERD. [*Imperiously.*] Taste!

LOUISA. [*Takes the glass, not without reluctance, and drinks.*]

FERD. [*Turns away, with a sudden paleness, to the farthest corner of the chamber as soon as the glass touches her lips.*]

LOUISA. The lemonade is good.

FERD. [*Shuddering with horror, and without turning.*] Good come of it.

LU-



LOUISA. [*Setting down the glass.*] O did you know, Walter, how cruelly you wrong my heart.

FERD. *Hum.*

LOUISA. The time will come, Walter!

FERD. [*Coming forward again.*] O! the time is here.

LOUISA. When this evening may sit heavy on your heart.

FERD. [*Walks about more violently, becoming every moment more disturbed, throwing off his belt and sword.*] Farewell, my master!

LOUISA. My God! what ails you?

FERD. I am hot and confined--I shall be more at ease.

LOUISA. Drink! drink! the liquor will cool you.

FERD. Most surely will it--the wench is kind! yet that they all are!

LOUISA. [*Hastening to his arm with the same expression of tenderness.*] That to thy Louisa, Ferdinand?

FERD. [*Pushing her from him.*] Away! away! remove those soft and melting eyes. I sink for ever. But come, serpent, armed in all thy monstrous horrors, dart on me thou worm--expose thy hideous folds before me, point thy spires to Heaven---as horrible as thou hast ever stood confest to hell itself---but no longer in an angel's

form—an angel now no longer—it is too late—I must crush thee like a viper, or be desperate—mercy on thee!

LOUISA. O that it should come to this!

FERD. [*Contemplating her aside.*] 'This beautiful work of heavenly mould—who can believe it? who would have believed it? [*Seizing her hand and elevating it.*] Thee, O God of creation, thee I call not in question—but why then thy poison in so fair a vessel? How can vice flourish in a sky so mild as this? O! 'tis strange! 'tis strange!

LOUISA. That I should hear this, and still be forced to silence!

FERD. And that sweet melodious voice—how can broken strings send forth such harmony? [*With a dry and steady eye, fixing his looks on Louisa.*] All so beautiful—so full of symmetry—so divinely perfect—in every part the work of Heaven's most happy, lucky moment! as if the universal world itself, were only brought into existence, that God might be enraptured with this his master-piece!—and that in the soul alone, the Creator should mistake?—how could aught so monstrous appear in nature without a blot? [*Suddenly turning from her.*] Or was it that he saw an angel, formed beneath his hands, and in haste corrected the mistake, by a heart on that account, the viler?

Lou.

LOUISA. O guilty stubbornness! rather than confess an error, he dares to level his attack at Heaven itself.

FERD. [*Falls weeping on her neck.*] Yet once more, Louisa—once more, as on the day that witnessed our first kiss, when the name of Ferdinand faltered on thy tongue, and the first, “I love,” escaped thy glowing lips—O, in that moment the harvest of bliss, endless and inexpressible, seemed lying in its bud for us—then, like a beauteous May-day, eternity was spread before our eyes; thousands of golden years, wantoned fair as brides around our souls—then, then, was I happy! O Louisa! Louisa! Louisa! why hast thou used me thus?

LOUISA. Weep on! weep on! Walter! your sorrow, not your fury, will do me justice.

FERD. Thou art deceived. These tears, Louisa, are not the tears of sorrow—are not that warm delicious dew, that flows like precious balsam through the wounded soul, and sets once more in motion the flagging springs of feeling. These are chilly—solitary drops—the cold eternal farewell of my love. [*Laying his hand on her head with a fearful solemnity.*] Tears for thy soul, Louisa!—Tears for the Godhead, whose infinity of love here failed—whose best and noblest work is cast away thus wantonly. O methinks, at this example which appears among them, the whole  
K 4 creation,

creation, struck with horror, should join in lamentation---'tis something common for man to fall, and Paradise be lost, but when the pestilence extends its rage to angels, all nature should be bid to mourn.

LOUISA. Drive me not to extremities, Walter. I have a soul as strong as others, but its trials must be human. Walter, one word more and then we part---a dreadful fate has made the language of our hearts discordant. Might I but unclothe these lips, I could tell thee such things, Walter;---I could---but that hard destiny has fettered my tongue, as it has my love, and I have only to be patient, while thy rage mistreats me like a strumpet.

FERD. Dost thou feel well, Louisa?

LOUISA. Wherefore that question?

FERD. Else I should be sorry for thy sake, did'st thou depart with that falsehood on thy lips.

LOUISA. I conjure thee, Walter---

FERD. [*In violent agitation to himself.*] No! no! such a revenge were too diabolical---No! God defend me! beyond this world it shall not be pushed,---Louisa! did'st thou love the Marshall? Thou wilt never more quit this chamber.

LOUISA. Ask what you will,---I will no longer answer. [*She sits down.*]

FERD.



FERD. [*Still more earnest.*] Take heed for thy immortal soul, Louisa!---Hast thou loved the Marshall? Thou wilt never more quit this chamber.

LOUISA. I answer nothing more.

FERD. [*Throws himself before her in dreadful agitation.*] Louisa! didst thou love the Marshall? before this light burns out---thou standest before thy God!

LOUISA. [*Springs up terrified.*] Jesus what is this. [*Sinks down again in the chair.*] And now I am sick indeed.

FERD. Already? O woman! woman! thou eternal riddle! your tender nerves are proof against the power of crimes, which ghaw down mankind from the very root.---One poor grain of arsenic sends you to the ground.

LOUISA. Poison! poison! O Almighty God!

FERD. 'Tis as I fear'd.---Thy lemonade was seasoned in hell. Thou hast pledged death.

LOUISA. To die! to die! All merciful God! poison in the drink, and to die!---Look down upon my soul, thou Father of mercy!

FERD. That is the main point. I supplicate him also for thee.

LOUISA. And my mother---my father---Saviour of the world! my poor forlorn father!---Can nothing save me? my blooming years, and

can nothing save me?—must I go hence already?

FERD. Nothing can save thee.—Thou must go hence already.—But be at peace, we make the journey together.

LOUISA. And thou too, my Ferdinand! Poison, Ferdinand! and from thee? Oh God forgive him! God of mercy, on him let not this crime rest.

FERD. Look thou to thy own account.—I fear it stands but ill.

LOUISA. Ferdinand! Ferdinand!—O!—I can be no longer silent—death—death, breaks through every bond.—Ferdinand! Heaven and earth hold nought more wretched than thyself.—I die in innocence, my Ferdinand.

FERD. [*Terrified.*] What did I hear? who, on such a journey, bears along a lie?

LOUISA. I lie not, Ferdinand—I lie not—once only in my life I lied!—Huh! what an icy shivering runs through my veins—when I wrote that letter—

FERD. Ha! that letter! God!—I thank thee—once more my manhood all returns.

LOUISA. [*Speaking with difficulty, while her fingers are convulsively agitated.*] That letter—call up all thy strength to hear a dreadful tale,—what my hand wrote, my heart abhorred—thy father dictated.

FERD.

FERD. [*Remains stiff and motionless like a statue, then, after some time, falls to the ground as if thunderstruck.*]

LOUISA. O piteous mistake!—Ferdinand—'twas by force—forgive—thy Louisa would have suffered death in preference—but my poor father—the danger—O they did it craftily.

FERD. [*Leaping up, fearfully transported.*] Heaven, I thank thee!—the poison works not yet. [*Draws his sword.*]

LOUISA. [*Growing more and more weak.*] What dost thou purpose?—It is thy father.

FERD. [*With the expression of ungovernable fury.*] Murderer, and father of a murderer!—He must along, that the Judge of all things, may pour his fury on the guilty alone. [*Is rushing out.*]

LOUISA. In death my saviour forgave—blessing on thee and him—[*She dies.*]

FERD. [*Turning suddenly round, sees her last dying motion, and sinks down by the body.*] Stay! Stay! Louisa! angel of Heaven, escape not thus from me! [*Grasps her hand, and lets it suddenly fall again.*] Cold, cold, and damp! her soul is fled. [*Springs up again.*] God of my Louisa! mercy! mercy! on the most abandoned of murderers! it was her last expiring prayer!—How beauteous and attractive even in death itself. The destroying angel as he passed over those lovely cheeks

cheeks in pity spared them. That gentleness was not a mask—the hand of death has not removed it. [*After a pause.*] But how? why do I still feel nothing? will my youthful vigour save me? unprofitable trouble: that shall it not. [*Snatches the glass.*]

### LAST SCENE.

FERDINAND, *the* PRESIDENT, WORM, and SERVANTS, *who all rush terrified into the chamber, afterwards MILLER with a crowd and the officers of justice, who assemble in the back part of the stage.*

PRESIDENT. [*The letter in his hand.*] What is this my son? I never can believe—

FERD. [*Dashes the glass before his feet.*] Behold then, murderer!

PRES. [*Staggers backwards, a fearful pause of general astonishment.*] My son! why hast thou done this?

FERD. [*Without taking notice of the President.*] O surely, surely. The politician should have been consulted first, whether this stroke also suited his cards!—'Tis true the feint of jealousy was fine and admirable, to tear our hearts asunder,—the calculation betrays a master's hand; 'twas only pity, that love inflamed to  
madness,



madness, was not obedient to the wife, like thy wooden puppet.

PRES. Is no one here, to weep for a wretched father?

MILLER. [*Crying out behind the scenes.*] Let me come in! in God's name, let me in!

FERD. The maiden is a saint—for her must another plead. [*Opens the door to Miller, who rushes within the people and officers of justice.*]

MILLER. [*In the most fearful anxiety.*] My child! my child!—poison! poison is the cry—some one is poisoned here—my daughter! where art thou?

FERD. [*Leads him between his father and the corpse of Louisa.*] The guilt is not mine—thank him.

MILLER. [*Falls on the body of Louisa.*] O Jesus!

FERD. Father, a few words—they now are precious to me—my life is stolen by villainous artifice—stolen through you. How my account stands with the Almighty I shudder but to think;—still, deliberate villainy has not yet stained me—my eternal lot, fall as it will—on thee it falls not.—But I have perpetrated murder; murder, the weight of which think not that I shall drag alone before the judgment seat of God. Here, solemnly, the heaviest, bloodiest, share I throw on thee. Look thou, how it shall be answered!

[*Leading*

[*Leading him to the body.*] There, barbarian, glut thy eyes with the dreadful fruits of all thy projects; upon that visage is thy name inscribed in the distortions of death, and the angel of destruction shall read it. A form like this, draw thy curtain, when thou sleepest, and grasp thee with an ice-cold hand—a form, like this, stand before thy spirit when thou diest, and drive away thy last expiring prayer;—a form like this stand at the last day upon thy grave, when thou risest from the dead—and before God, when he sits in judgment on thy soul. [*Faints.*]

PRES. [*With a fearful motion of his arms towards Heaven.*] From me judge of all things; from me, demand not the souls of these.—Ask them from him.

WORM. [*Starting.*] From me?

PRES. Accursed wretch! from thee. Satan, from thee! they were thy councils, serpent. The answering rest upon thee, I wash my hands.

WORM. Upon me? [*With an horrible laugh.*] Pleasant! pleasant! I now know how devils thank each other—upon me? senseless villain! was he my son? was I thy master?—on me the answering rest? ha! by the spectacle before me, which, but to look on, freezes the very marrow in my bones—on me it shall rest!—This moment witnesses my ruin, but it shall see thine also.

also. Up! up! cry murder through the streets!  
awake justice! bind me! lead me away! I will  
discover secrets, that shall make the hearer  
shudder with horror. [*Is going.*]

PRES. [*Holds him.*] Madman, thou wilt not!

WORM. [*Claps his shoulder.*] I will, com-  
rade; I will; mad I am 'tis true—that is thy  
work—my actions shall be those of madness—  
arm in arm with thee to the scaffold, arm in  
arm with thee to hell—villain! to be damned  
with thee, shall be sport to my soul. [*Is led  
away.*]

MILLER. [*Who during this time has lain in  
silent agony, with his head sunk on Louisa's lap,  
springs up suddenly, and dashes down the purse of  
gold he had received from Ferdinand, before his feet.*]  
Poisoner, take back thy accursed gold. Did'st  
thou think to buy my child? [*Rushes out of the  
chamber.*]

FERD. [*With faltering voice.*] Follow him  
—he is desperate—let him have the gold—'tis my  
dreadful recompense.—Louisa! Louisa! I come  
—on this altar let me breathe my last.

PRES. [*Recovering from silent stupefaction.*]  
Ferdinand! my son! not one more look, upon a  
father, crushed as I am? [*Ferdinand is let down  
by the attendants close to Louisa.*]

FERD.

FERD. This last belongs to God, the God of mercy.

PRES. [*Falling in dreadful agony before him.*] I am deserted by God and man. Not a last look, once more to cheer me? [*With a look.*]

FERD. [*Faintly gives him his dying hand.*]

PRES. [*Springs up.*] He forgave me! [*To the others.*] Now receive your prisoner. [*He goes off, followed by the officers of justice.*]

S.

F I N I S.



No. 22.—TUESDAY, June 8, 1790.

Ελκε, ταλαν, παρα μηρος, ον εκ-ει μαζον αμελξεις

Ελχουσιν υστανιον ναμα καταφθιμενης.

Ηδη γαρ ξεφρεσαι λιποπνοος' αλλα τα μηρος

Φιλτρα και ειν αιδη παιδοκομειν εμαθον.

AUTHOL. lib. iii.

Suck, little wretch, whilst yet thy mother lives,  
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives;  
She dies, her tenderness outlasts her breath,  
And her fond love is provident in death.

WEBB.

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THE exquisite and pathetic little picture of maternal tenderness exhibited in the motto of to-day's paper, is a lively proof of that intensity of feeling which binds our race in gentleness together. The same sweet sensations that glow through the closer ties of society, which plant in the bosom of the husband and the father, pervade likewise the whole mass of being; and, though weaker

weaker in proportion to the distance of propinquity, yet cannot he be called wretched who receives or communicates the smallest portion of their influence. From the impassioned feelings of the mother, to him who stands joyless on the verge of apathy, the tide of affection flows in a long and devious course. Clear, full, and vehement it descends into the vale of life, where, after a short time, becoming tranquil and serene, it separates into many branches; and these, again dividing, wander in a thousand streams, dispensing, as they move along, the sweets of health and happiness. That no felicity exists independent of a susceptibility for these emotions is a certain fact; for to the heart of him who hath been cold to filial or fraternal duty, the soothing charm of friendship and of love will ever be unknown. It is, therefore, evident, that to be happy, man must invariably consult the well being of others; to his fellow-creatures he must attribute the bliss which he enjoys; it is a reward proportional to the exertion of his philanthropy. Abstract the man of virtue and benevolence from society, and you cut off the prime source of his happiness, he has no proper object on which to place his affection, or exercise his humanity, the sudden rapture of the grateful heart, the tender tones of friendship, and the melting sweetness of expressive love, no longer thrill upon his ear, or swell his

his softened soul; all is an aching void, a cheerless, and almost unproductive waste; yet even in this situation, barren as it is, where none are found to pour the balm of pity, or listen to the plaint of sorrow, even here some enjoyment is derived from letting loose our affections upon inanimate nature. Were I in a desert, says Sterne, I would find something in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better, "Where in a desert," says Sterne, "I could not do better I would fasten upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy eypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice with them."

That man was formed for society, seems a truth so well established, and the benefits arising from such an union, so apparent, that few would ever suppose it to have been doubted; yet have there been philosophers, whom hypothesis, or the love of eccentricity, has led to prefer that period,

When wild in woods, the noble savage ran.

An

An election so absurd, merits not a serious refutation; every day's experience must convince the man of observation, that our happiness depends upon the cultivation of our social duties, upon the nurture of humanity and benevolence, that our crimes are nearly in proportion to the rapture of domestic harmony, and that the flagitious deeds, which glare upon us with so horrid an aspect, are often the consequences of indirect deviation from the still small voice of duty and of love. He, who has been accustomed to despise the feelings of the son, the husband, and the friend, will not often be found proof against the allurements of interest and of vice. He, who (unless driven by hunger and despair) lifts up his daring arm to arrest the property or the life of his fellow creature, never felt those soft sensations which arise from the consciousness of being beloved, for let no man be called wretched who has this in reserve, let no man be called poor who has a friend to consult.

It should, therefore, be a principle early inculcated into the minds of our youth, that to be happy, is to be beloved, and that our enjoyment will be commensurate to our efforts in relieving the distress and the misery of others. Was this the case, how much of that wanton and pernicious cruelty would be avoided, as frequently the disgrace of manhood as of boyish years. Were

our



our children taught to nourish sentiments of love and esteem for those around them, to elicit their affection by each amiable exertion in their power, to visit and give succour to the sick and the afflicted, how often would the tear of rapture fill their eyes, how would the sweet sensation dwell upon their hearts, and grow with their increasing years.

Oh, Charity! our helpless nature's pride,  
 Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,  
 Is there a morning's breath, or the sweet gale  
 That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,  
 Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,  
 Is not like the incense of thy holy flame?  
 Is aught like all the beauties that adorn  
 The azure heaven, or purple light of morn?  
 Is aught so fair an evening's ling'ring gleam  
 As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam,  
 That falls, like saddest moonlight on the hill  
 And distant grove, when the wide world is still?

BOWLES.

Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire, but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat, a just emblem of the strength, the happiness, and the security, derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination,  
 and

and he, who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated ember, dark, dead and useless, they neither give nor receive any heat, neither love or are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led? How often in the busy haunts of men, are all our noblest, and gentlest virtues called forth? And how, in the bosom of the recluse, do all the soft emotions languish, and grow faint? Not that the Speculator is a foe to retirement, he has already confessed himself its friend, he speaks but of himself, dead to feeling, sinks into the lap of careless solitude. That many individuals, from a peculiar turn of mind, are calculated to be of more extensive utility in retirement, than on the active stage of life, he is, from his own experience, well convinced. He is also perfectly aware that reiterated misfortune and perfidy, operating upon a warm and sanguine constitution, will often hurry the most amiable character into unmitigated seclusion; but even in this case, as a proof that our affections to support life must, however, small in degree, be engaged, let it be observed that the most recluse have generally had some object for their tenderness, some creature whose attention they strove to obtain, whose interest

interest in their welfare, they hoped to secure; and, as a corroborating instance of what has been advanced throughout this paper, I shall conclude it with the following anecdote.

A respectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support, and yet at length, he demanded more. On this the curate sent for him. He went: "Do you live alone?" said the curate: "With whom, sir," answered the unfortunate man, "is it possible I should live? I am wretched, you see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." "But, sir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary he should dispose of his dog. "Ah, sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping,

weeping, "and if I should lose my dog, who is there then to love me?" The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "take this, sir," said he;—"this is mine—this I can give."

N.



No 23.—SATURDAY, June 12, 1790.

*Non ego divitias patrum, fructusque requiro,  
Quos tulit antiquo condita messis ævo.  
Parva seges satis est: satis est requiescere tellus,  
Si licet, et solito membra levare toro.*

TIBULLUS.

For treasur'd wealth, for stores of golden wheat,  
The hoard of frugal fires, I'll never call;  
A little farm be mine, a cottage neat  
And wonted couch, where balmy sleep may fall.

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**DURING** the latter period of the summer of  
—— I made an excursion to the lake of Cum-  
berland and Westmorland, and fond of the wild  
and daring features of nature, I here met all  
that could gratify the eye of the painter, or the  
imagination of the poet. Many too were the  
scenes whose exquisite beauty and softness, whose  
charm of contrast and calm sweetness of expres-  
sion,

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tion,

sion, suggested the delightful, but, too often, visionary ideas of rural happiness and elegant simplicity.

Whilst thus employed, my mind teeming with each romantic thought which the country around me, a peculiar cast of study, which youth and inexperience had planted there, an incident occurred, that even now, when time hath almost paled the vivid colouring of fancy, I recollect not but with renovated enthusiasm.

The red rays of the sun gleamed strong on the heights of Helvellyn, as I passed by its foot, on my road to Ambleside, and evening, with all her lovely tints, had stolen upon me by the time I reached the chapel of Wiborn. Oppressed by the heat of the day, the coolness of the present hour became remarkably refreshing, and, riding gently on, I arrived at the margin of Grasmere water. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this charming lake diffused amid the bosom of the mountains, its banks exhibit the utmost variety of rock and of turf, and are scooped into a number of little bays; on a promontory which rushes far into the water, and at an inconsiderable height above the surface, stands the village of Grasmere, its parish church rising conspicuous in the centre. A large quantity of fine old wood clothes the sides of the mountain, and here and there a cottage is discovered embosomed in the foliage. The verdure of the meadows,

meadows, the grouping of the cattle, and the hanging shrubs which climb along the rugged projections of the crag, still further heighten this delicious Paradise. I walked for some time along the borders of the lake, wrapt in the contemplation of beauties to which even the pencil of Ruissdale could not do justice. The sombre shades of evening were now fast approaching, the setting sun smiled with a farewell lustre on the summits of the hills, and the water, still as death, received a deep gloom from the lengthening shadows of the mountains. I sat myself down upon the roots of an old tree near the edge of the lake, and was listening to the distant murmur of some waterfalls, when suddenly the sound of village bells diverted my attention; no, never shall I forget their sweet and dying cadence, how softly they stole along the lake, now bursting loud and louder on the ear, and now faintly sinking to repose: they were in unison with the scene around and with my feelings—no, never shall I forget them.

—————Wherever I have heard  
A kindred melody, the scene recurs  
And with it all its pleasures.—————

The night closed in ere I could tear myself away from this bewitching scenery, and my desire of once more enjoying it was so great, that

I determined to sleep within the village, and postpone for a day or two any farther progress towards Ambleside. The succeeding morning was excessively hot, but, as the evening began to approach, Nature again began to resume her mellow colouring, and again the same delightful coolness regaled my languid senses. I traversed the edge of the water, and, having dwelt upon the scenes I had viewed with so much pleasure the night before, I entered the wood, which, climbing half way up the mountain's side, faces the village. The path ran in an oblique direction, gently winding up the hill; it was soft as moss, and of a vivid green, and through many little openings in the wood, the crags, the village, and the lake, were seen to great advantage. I had not proceeded far, before a neat cottage, built on a little level, on the side of the hill, attracted my notice. There was an air of taste and simplicity in every thing around it, which highly excited my curiosity in regard to the inhabitants, of whom, from the scene before me, I conceived something extraordinary. It was placed in that situation, which, of all others, is the most picturesque, that is, its point of elevation was not too great for the landscape. From the bottom of a small lawn which spread before it, the wood gradually fell to the margin of the water, and a number of gigantic oaks covered the hill behind it

nearly



nearly to the summit, a broken line of moss-hung crag, however still peeping beyond. Against the front of this cottage grew an old woodbine, whose branches, mingling with each other, crept round four neat sash windows that glowed as fire from the reflection of the sun. While I stood silently admiring the beauty of the scene the door of the cottage was opened, and a young woman, cloathed with elegant but artless taste, stepped out upon the green; on her arm there lent a man of a very interesting figure, and rather stricken in years, and who, after looking around him with an air of satisfaction, smiled with ineffable sweetness on his fair companion, and gave, with chearful piety, to heaven his grateful thanks.

The landscape, however diversified, however picturesque, is, unless animated by human figures, far from complete. The mind is soon satisfied with the view of rock, of wood and water, but if the peasant, the shepherd, or the fisherman be seen, or, if still more engaging, a group of figures be thrown into some important action, the heart as well as the imagination is affected, and a new sensation of exquisite delight, and scarce admitting of satiety, fills and dilates the bosom. Thus was I situated; and thus, having gratified my fancy with the scenery around, was about to return to the village, but no sooner did the two figures I have just mentioned appear

before me, than my best and sweetest feelings were instantly occupied; the country assumed a more enchanting hue, the sun shed a mellow and more delicious tint, and every object seemed heightened with a pathetic grace; and surely, no incident could, better than the present one, have produced the effect; for an intelligence the most expressive fate on the features of the young woman, an intelligence so divine, so mild, so graceful, that Guido Rheni might have studied it with rapture. She had on a gown of white cotton, and round her waist there was a green sash; her hair, of a nut-brown, hung down upon her shoulders, and from her left arm depended a small basket. The person who leaned upon her right was dressed in a scarlet coat, which seemed to have been formerly an uniform, his countenance was strongly marked martial, but at the same time marked with much benignity; his forehead was bold and open, his eye full and dark, his eye-brows black and thick, his nose aquiline, and his chin rather prominent; he had a staff in his right hand, and although apparently possessing some vigour and health, he walked with difficulty, being, as I perceived, lame of one leg.

I had remained, until now, concealed beneath the shadow of some trees, but stepping forward to continue the objects of my admiration in view, a favourite

favourite dog who ran by their side caught a sight of me, and, beginning to bark with vehemence, they turned round. I found myself discovered, and advancing towards them, begged they would pardon my intrusion, for that invited by the beauty of the scene, I had inadvertently wandered into their grounds. They smiled at my apology, and the old gentleman, with much good nature, told me I was welcome to his farm, that it gave him pleasure to perceive I admired his situation, and that provided I could bear to travel no faster than himself, he would show me some parts well worth seeing, and which, probably, from my ignorance of the country, had escaped me. I thanked him, and willingly accepted of his proposal, we took another direction, returning to the cottage by a path which was altogether hid from common observation. An agreeable conversation soon took place, into which our fair companion occasionally entered with the most frank and amiable simplicity, and speedily convinced me that her heart and her understanding were as lovely as her form. As we became more and more pleased with each other, the reserve natural to strangers wore off, and having expressed much satisfaction, mingled with some curiosity in regard to their mode of life, the old man told me, he had formerly served as a British officer in Germany; that his name was Felton, and that having lived

long in the army without due promotion, and being very much wounded in his last engagement, and indeed rendered incapable of further service, he had retired with his wife and daughter, the young lady now present, to a little estate which he possessed in the north of England; that after residing a few happy years in that situation, he lost his wife, and unable any longer to endure the sight of objects which perpetually recalled her to his memory, he had left it for this romantic spot, where blessed with the dutiful and affectionate attention of his lovely Agnes, nothing on this side of the grave, he thought, could add to his content. As he said this he turned towards his daughter, whose blue eyes, suffused with tears, beamed the most lively gratitude. I felt at this moment one of the sweetest transports my breast has ever known; I felt how much all sublunary bliss rests on the warmth of social feeling, and gazing on the tender features of Miss Felton, the silent water of my eyes gave tribute to her goodness.

We had by this time reached the cottage, having in our short tour seen several little elegant and striking views, the fore-ground of which, as sequestered and laying near the cot, had been greatly improved by the genius of Felton. I would now have taken my leave, for the sun was near the horizon, but Felton begged I would step in, and, as he expressed it, grace his humble shed.



shed. I could not refuse, there was an air of gentleness and sincerity about him that would not admit of a refusal, so I stepped into a very neat little parlour, where, sitting down, the good old man desired his daughter to bring some of her best wine: "if you can excuse," he said, "what an old soldier can afford, you are welcome; heaven has not given me affluence, sir, but it has blessed me with what I value more, a lot above dependence and a heart that's grateful for the gift." I was much affected, and, without saying a word, involuntarily stretched out my hand, he placed his in mine; we were silent: Miss Felton entered, she smiled, and throwing her blue eyes with a bewitching sweetness upon me, offered the wine: I took a glass, my hand trembled, I drank her health, it was, I thought, the most delightful wine I had ever tasted, I praised her skill, she blushed: "I am glad it pleases you," she said. At this moment, turning round to speak to her father, the bright hilt of a sword, which hung across the chimney-piece, caught my attention. Felton observed it, and rising from his chair, took it down; he drew it from the scabbard: "this," cried he, waving it round his head, "this, sir, was once my only fortune, my only friend, with this, and much good service has it done me, with this I've known the day when, shrinking from the lightning of its edge, the foes

of Felton have retired." As he spoke this, a transient light flashed from his eyes, but pausing a while, an expression mild and pensive succeeded: "those days," resuming his discourse, "are past, nor do I wish them to return, turbulent they were, and marked with blood; war was never my enjoyment, I never did delight in blood, the tears of the mournful were ever bitter to my soul." He sighed, and sheathing his sword, placed it in its former situation. "No," he continued, "though ever ready, and with a willing heart, to serve my country, yet never did I taste the sweets of happiness, till having fought retirement, I indulged the pleasures of domestic life. Here with my Agnes and a few friends every wish is gratified. I here possess, and I am thankful for it, my share of human bliss." During this little speech Miss Felton sat near a table, her head reclined upon her hand, her eyes were fixed upon her father; they were full of tears, tears of grateful rapture. Sure thought I, if content did ever visit the abode of man, her residence is here, where virtue, and where feeling hearts, where peace and competence, combine. Ah, never, in the warmest fally of my imagination, never did I fancy aught so beauteous as this spot of ground, or aught so lovely as its gentle tenants. How to take leave of them I knew not, the sun had already set, and the moment of separation drew near,

near, of a separation perhaps eternal. I rose, I kissed the white hand of Miss Felton; and, embracing her father, hurried out of the room without being able to utter a single word: the night was fine, the moon had risen and sweetly illuminated the lake and distant mountains, all, except the nightingale, was mute, and struck by a scene so accordant with my feelings, it was late ere I reached the village, where, giving way to the pleasing rapture of imagination, I wrote, before I went to rest, the following little ode.

## ODE TO CONTENT.

To thee, the friend of social joy

I pour my ardent lay;

Ah, nymph divine! no cares alloy

Thy sweetly chearful day.

And when the dewy noon of night

Her darksome tint hath shed,

As yonder sleeps the moon's calm light

So rests thy peaceful head.

For thee, the cool, the balmy morn,

Her purple blush displays,

For thee, the hill, the dale, adorn

Still evening's gold-drop'd rays.

For

For thee, unfolds the musky rose  
Her highly-scented bloom,  
For thee, the violets disclose  
Their delicate perfume.

For thee, clear rills soft-trickling rove  
Their moss-grown beds along,  
For thee, amid yon shadowy grove  
Ascends the grateful song.

For thee, light labour spreads his wealth,  
Imparts the roseate glow,  
And bids the crimson tide of health  
With genial vigour flow.

Oh let me haunt thy straw-rooft cot  
And fold thee in my arms,  
Be mine thy wealth, be mine thy lot,  
And mine thy lowly charms.

With thee my Agnes tender fair!  
How pure the scene of life,  
Far from the world, its vicious care  
And all its jarring strife.

Here love shall spread his purple wing  
And wake to young desire,  
And blue-ey'd pleasure laughing bring  
Her varied sweet attire.

Here



Here shall domestic rapture show'r  
Affections dearest meed,  
The muse her grateful tribute pour  
And tune her artless reed.

Oh fountain of eternal love  
Content, enchanting maid!  
Above bright pow'r, gay wealth above,  
To thee my vows be paid.

Ah let the great, by error led,  
To courts and cities fly,  
More blest with thee to eat my bread  
In peace and privacy.

More blest to rove the heath along,  
At eve, from labour won,  
To list the wood-lark's plaintive song  
And hail the setting sun.

Yet happier far, when night's dark sky  
With wint'ry storms oppress,  
To meet my Agnes' glistening eye  
And fold her to my breast.

Howl then, ye angry tempests howl:  
Before my chearful fire,  
In fond delight the moments roll,  
To love, to bliss conspire.

Now

Now tell me then, can aught compare  
With sober genuine joys,  
Ah, no, pale grandeur's tainted air  
Each simple charm destroys.

Hence ye ambitious, proud and vain,  
Ye brood of folly hence!  
For you await disease and pain  
And torturing conscience.

But blest the sons of calm content,  
Their paths the good pursue,  
For them has bliss her rapture-lent,  
And Health her rosy hue.

N.

No. 24.

No. 24.—TUESDAY, June 15, 1790.

—*Omnes illacrymabiles*

*Urgentur, ignotique longa*

*Nocte.* —————

HORATIUS.

**T**HERE are, perhaps, few periods of the history of modern Europe that afford more matter for curious speculation and enquiry than that which immediately succeeded the spirit of crusading; the prevalence of the feudal system, of chivalry, of the love of adventure and of the marvellous, form some of the most striking features of these times, in which the origin of a mythology, at once highly fanciful and awfully tremendous, admirably adapted to awaken and give

give energy to the powers of imagination, may not improperly be placed. On the peculiarities of this period, extending from the twelfth to the commencement of the sixteenth century, I purpose making a few observations, but, previous to my entering upon them, it will be necessary to consider, in a cursory mode, the manners, religion, and progress in literature, of those centuries which preceded this period, and which have not unjustly merited the appellation of dark and barbarous.

Upon the demolition of the western empire in the sixth century of the Christian era, its rude and untutored conquerors, hurrying over the most fertile parts of Europe, ignorant of letters, and altogether addicted to the love and exercise of arms, soon utterly neglected whatever remained of the taste, of the literature, and elegance of the Roman; and to cut off all resource, all speedy probability of dispelling so dreadful a gloom, the Arabians, in the course of a few years after this event, headed by the daring and enthusiastic Mahomet, rushed from their savage deserts to enforce the precepts of his religion, and, under his immediate successors rashly dared to consume the invaluable library of Alexandria, the rich deposit of whatever the best and wisest of the ancient world had been amassing for ages.

Thus,



Thus, within the space of a hundred years, every vestige of human learning being nearly destroyed, there fell upon Europe a profound and almost impenetrable darkness, amid which, until the ninth century, no friendly ray of light, no soothing promise of a future day, broke in to mitigate the gloom. At the above period, however, arose the mighty geniuses of Charlemagne in France, and of Alfred in England; one, the founder of an university at Paris, the other, of a similar institution at Oxford; men whom history has held up to our admiration, whom literature has embalmed with grateful praise, and whose abilities, as solid as they were brilliant, burst through that night of ignorance with a splendour that dazzled the dim eye of barbarity. From this era we may date the commencement of modern learning, a stream which, although at first scanty and making little progress, gradually and silently rolled on, augmenting by unnoticed waters. It has been customary with most writers, I know, to consider the dark ages, and especially the periods now under consideration, as altogether divested of literary merit, but, this is a mistake, for, independent of the Mahometans, who, about this period, 820, sent to demand copies of the manuscripts of Constantinople, the Christian world may, from the time of Charlemagne to the year 1100, boast of a succession of authors, who, if they

they contributed little to dispel the universal lethargy, rescue, at least, their centuries from the imputation of total ignorance. During a part of the ninth century Joannes Eregina, generally esteemed a native of Scotland, and a man of considerable learning, studied at the court of Alfred, and composed a work in five books on the division of nature, printed about a century ago at Oxford. But what more especially throws a lustre round this venerable author, is an anecdote recorded by Bale, who says, that Alfred, immediately after founding the university of Oxford, created Eregina professor there, an event which should call forth the gratitude of her sons, and should rescue his name from unmerited oblivion. He appears to have been endowed with much liberality of mind, and to have lost his life by the bigotry of his age; for on publishing some censures on the church, during the time he resided at Paris, he was driven from that city by order of the pope, and, returning to England in 883, was murdered by the monks of Malmesbury, who, in revenge for the severity of his strictures, cruelly stabbed him with their penknives. Soon after the death of Charlemagne, Æginhard, his secretary and son-in-law, whose name hath been celebrated to posterity by the ardent affection which Imma, the daughter of the emperor, had conceived for him, and who, to prevent his being tracked from her apartments, carried

carried him on her shoulders through the snow; having lost his beloved wife, and with her all relish for society, fled into retirement, and there finished his life of Charlemagne and his Annals, which together with his Letters, have gone through two or three editions, and are written, considering the period at which they were composed, with much chastity and elegance of style. Another writer, no less famed for elegance and taste, the rival and cotemporary of Æginhard, was our celebrated countryman Alcuin, who had the merit of introducing polite literature into France, and whose erudition and industry are said to have been so great that he left fifty treatises behind, written on important subjects. In the year 886, Paris was attacked by the Normans and the Danes, and Abbo, a monk of that city, wrote a poem in Latin hexameters, descriptive of the siege, and though possessing little poetic beauty, is a proof that those sparks of literature which Charlemagne had cherished, were still kept alive, and occasionally burst forth to illumine our benighted hemisphere. Early, indeed, in the ninth century the classical history and mythology of Greece and Rome seem to have been well known; for it is on record, that Witlasius, a king of the West Saxons, A. D. 883, granted, in his charter to the church of Croyland abbey, his robe of tissue, on which was embroidered the  
destruction

destruction of Troy, a remarkable instance of the early popularity of that celebrated event. The tenth century receives considerable lustre from the respectable name of Suidas, whose very learned and correct Lexicon, a phenomenon of literary genius for the times, is still, and deservedly, in high repute among the literati. About the year 1076, Guido, bishop of Amiens, wrote an epic poem on the exploits of William the Conqueror, and is said to have imitated, and with some success, the style both of Virgil and Statius; and towards the close of this and the beginning of the twelfth century flourished the ingenious but unfortunate Abelard, whose progress in letters was the admiration and envy of his contemporaries, and finally the cause of his sufferings and disgrace. So great, indeed, were his abilities that Andrew du Cheyne asserts that pupils crowded to his lectures from every quarter of the Latin world. Not less learned and still more extraordinary and interesting is the character of the beautiful Heloisa, a lady whose accomplishments were a prodigy in her own age, and whose distresses will draw tears from every future one.

I have thus briefly noticed these authors, to evince that, from the time of Charlemagne to the year 1100, there has been no century without its literary luminary, that learning was still kept alive, and, though neither rendered attractive  
by



by inventive genius or profound enquiry, served as a basis for those wild and airy structures which the spirit of chivalry and romance shortly afterwards erected. Could we for a moment suppose these periods to have been involved in absolute and total ignorance, and that the literature of the Roman empire was perfectly annihilated, how shall we rationally account for those sudden and wonderful efforts of genius and fancy which, taking place in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, arose to so much excellence in the fourteenth. If we rightly investigate the matter, we shall find, that the learning of these obscure ages received only a peculiar tincture from the manners and political views of the immediately succeeding period, which, mingling the romantic imagery of the East with the manners and classical mythology of its predecessor, formed a system of fabling and composition that will ever be a striking feature in the literary world. For three centuries previous to the era of Charlemagne, Europe, as we have observed, seems nearly destitute of letters; but I am here induced to notice two singular exceptions; first, the very learned Boethius, who living under Theodoric the Goth, and beheaded by him in the year 525, has written a work which emulates the purity of the Augustan age, and is a strong proof of what the taste and abilities of an individual, however circumstanced, may

may produce; and secondly, the venerable Bede, whose Ecclesiastical History, a rich deposit of curious and valuable information, received due honour from the study and translation of Alfred. From the death of Justinian the emperor, in 566 to the appearance of Bede in England, a perpetual and unmitigated darkness broods over the scene, and upon the demise of the latter, we again hurry with pleasure to that period when Æginhard and our celebrated Alcuin flourished at the court of Charlemagne. This far-famed monarch, the theme of minstrels and the hero of romance, whose education had been so neglected that he was unable to write his own name, gave, from the love of fame and the liberal impulse of his own superior genius, every possible encouragement to literary talents, and we may thence perceive in the writings of Æginhard a taste for composition unequalled till the appearance of Abelard.

But, notwithstanding we can thus trace the flow of learning through a succession of authors from the ninth to the twelfth century of the christian world, yet it seems to have little effect upon mankind at large, for every species of tyranny which could deform humanity, and every superstition which could degrade the light of human reason, universally prevailed, and from Christianity mingled with barbarism, the rights of priesthood with those of the empire, the prerogative

gative of the sovereign with that of the nobility, such anarchy and confusion arose, as altogether impeded the diffusion of letters. Even among the clergy, where literature more especially ought to have been cherished, an ignorance the most excessive was to be found, and it is not uncommon to discover in the deeds of a synod a sentence like the following: "As my lord the bishop cannot write himself, at his request I have subscribed."

If we turn to the manners and religion of these times, the picture will be found, for the most part, still more darkly shaded. Credulity, barbarism, and superstition, astrology, miracles and divination, witchcraft, duels, and the ordeal, crowd upon our view. One circumstance, however, tend to soften the harshness of this outline. Among that vast multitude of warriors which rushed from the shores of the Baltic and the gloomy forests of the North, a respect bordering upon adoration, was ever paid to their women; not merely to their beauty did they pay homage, they were consulted upon affairs of the highest political moment, often ruled, and gave energy to the councils of the nation. These peculiarities they carried with them into Europe, peculiarities which, combining with the customs of the feudal tenure and the supposed tenets of Christianity, we shall

shall afterwards find producing the singular but beautiful and gallant system of chivalry.

The liberal and benevolent spirit of our religion, which, when rightly understood, conduces both to our present and our future happiness, was in these periods perverted and debased by the rise of an institution ever inimical to the most lovely and amiable part of creation, to the best and sweetest blessings of society. Monastic life indeed, whether considered in regard to the male or female character, appears equally contrary to sound reason and morality, for as the very first principles of moral and religious duty consist in our relative conduct, in our mutual endeavours to assist each other and improve society, such a seclusion, it is evident, must be directly calculated to overthrow whatever nature has ordained should be our chief pursuits; and the monstrous catalogue of enormities with which the early history of these monasteries is deformed, clearly proves how derogatory they are to the rights of mankind, how destructive of the very ends for which they were erected, how productive of wretchedness and guilt. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure, when in times most favourable to their growth, I have beheld men of literature and talents, free from bigotry and prejudice, strive with a noble liberality to check the workings of religious folly. Among these, and to his immortal honour be it named,



named, the great, the amiable Erasmus, whose judgment and good sense quickly saw the impropriety of monastic rigour, employed his wit, his taste, and Attic elegance, even when the tide ran full against him, in support of freedom and the fair sex. To his memory, therefore, let the female world be grateful.

From an equally mistaken sense of duty, several individuals, deserting their families and friends, fled into perpetual solitude, where, actuated by the most absurd enthusiasm, they inflicted upon themselves, as due to the conceived enormity of their transgressions, every species of punishment and self-denial, all the sufferings of poverty and guilt. This custom so ridiculous in itself, and founded upon an error so glaring, has continued, with the features indeed somewhat softened, until nearly the present period. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the hermit, although he did not retire to the savage and unexplored desert, though he did not expose his naked body, festering with ulcers from the consequence of his own rigid discipline, to the injuries of the weather, yet he equally contemned society, though to enjoy, perhaps, a spot rich in beautiful and sequestered scenery, where giving way to a mind, either heated by religious fervor, or soured by misfortune and perfidy, he spent his days in indolence

M

and

and prayer. Such a solitary situation our amiable and romantic poet has thus graphically drawn :

A little lowly hermitage it was,  
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,  
 Far from resort of people that did pas  
 In traveill to and froe : a little wyde  
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,  
 Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say  
 His holy things each morne and eventyde ;  
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,  
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

SPENSER.

Such were the confined and illiberal ideas of the duty of man towards his Creator entertained in these barbarous times. They were even so abandoned as to publish absolutions for crimes the most daring and enormous, for murders and pollutions of all kinds ; and their superstition was often so gross that in many churches, especially at Rouen, they had a ceremony called the feast of the as, at which the as, richly drest, was placed before the altar, and the infatuated people sung before him the following exquisite anthem :  
 " Eh, eh, eh, fire Ane ! eh, eh, eh, fire  
 " Ane !"

To enter into the minutiae of this dark and superstitious age, would only lead to a detail of follies barren of either instruction or entertainment, and  
 which

which unmingled with those fallies of fancy and mythology that, in succeeding centuries, engage alike the imagination of the poet and the research of the philosopher, are in every respect disgraceful to mankind. These centuries, on whose spirit, mythology, and political system we are about to make a few observations, form a picture in the gallery of history which will probably, in this quarter of the world at least, have no copy; for from the spirit of liberty and philosophical investigation, now widely spreading over the continent of Europe, the clouded form of superstition shrinks aghast, and the period perhaps is quickly approaching, when, freed from the shackles of error, religion shall resume her primeval simplicity.

Having thus briefly considered the manners, religion, and literature of that portion of time which extends from the fall of the Roman empire in the West to the commencement of the twelfth century, we shall shortly proceed to give some remarks upon the feudal system and upon the spirit of chivalry and crusading.

N.

No. 25.—SATURDAY, June 19, 1790.

*Rescendit per hunc invecita licentia morem*

*Verfus alternis, opprobria rustica fudit;*

*Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos*

*Lusti amabili ter, donec jam satis operam*

*In rubram veri capiti jocus.*

HORACE.

**I**N the constitution of human society, it unavoidably happens, that while those crimes which openly strike at morality, and tend to subvert civil order from its foundations, are crushed by the severity of laws, offences of an inferior nature, more obscure and gradual, though not less pernicious in their effects, are left secure from punishment. Disguised in the specious mask of worth and piety, or lying safe under the covert

of



of power, vice has always been able either openly to defy, or secretly evade the powerless arm of justice. To check the insolence of uncontrouled guilt, and detect the false pretensions of hypocrisy, when the fear of punishment, the suggestions of conscience, the esteem of the world, were altogether disregarded, it was necessary for the correction of abuses, and support of morality, that recourse should be had to some other leading motive of action, to influence the mind over which common considerations had lost their power. Amongst the variety of springs by which we are actuated, one of the most forcible is the dread of shame and ridicule, existing often in full force in minds dead to every other feeling, and insensible to every other motive, implanted in our breasts from early infancy, and becoming stronger with increasing years; nor quitting us even in death but in many instances extended beyond the grave itself. On this master-passion of the breast does satire fix its hold, and we see with astonishment, that the heart which has not shrunk at guilt, and was callous to the cry of the miserable and oppressed, is not proof against the keenness of ridicule, and trembles more for the derision than the hatred of the world, or the vengeance of an irritated conscience. The pride of powerful vice is abashed before the honest sharpness of in-

veſtative, and the worſt of men have preferred death itſelf to contempt and ridicule. From this implanted dread of public ſhame working univerſally through every rank of men, and in many inſtances overpowering every other paſſion, the hiſtories of human ſocieties will in their commencements furniſh us with the rude origin and uſe of ſatire.

It is to ſavage life and the firſt dawns of ſociety, where every paſſion exiſts in its full ſtrength, and undisguiſed by diſſimulation, unſhackled by refinement, is expreſſed with energy and violence, that we muſt look for ſatire in its firſt and ſimpleſt form. Among the rudeſt and moſt uncultivated tribes of men, we find that on their public feſtivals and aſſemblies, an eſſential part of the ſolemnity is, at the ſame time, that all due praiſe is given to good actions, by the keenest and moſt ſarcaſtic inveſtative, to hold out to public contempt and ridicule the delinquent againſt the community. The wandering and free ſavages of North America are deſcribed as always intermingling in the celebration of their feſtive ceremonies, this mode of connecting abuſes and reforming the manners of their ſociety; on ſuch a public occaſion the individual who has offended, is marked out as the devoted object of deriſion and ridicule, which in the preſence of the whole  
body

body are lavished on the unfortunate delinquent, in an extempore song full of keen and biting satire delivered in the intervals of the dance. The same, under some variation of the form, seems to have been the practice of most nations in the first dawns of society, and civilization. Such was the early origin of satire, and so great and important the use to which it was applied for the establishment of order in the rude commencement of nations. Directed to the most powerful passions of the breast, it held the scourge of justice, and supplied the deficiencies of law, and in that uncultivated period of human manners, there probably were few who did not tremble at the contempt and ridicule of a whole people, though their ferocity might have defied punishment, and their constancy laughed at torments. From this artless beginning satire might proceed to change the extemporaneous effusions, the application of which had been found so efficacious, for a more permanent form of sarcastic invective, to be committed to memory, and delivered intermixed with dialogue, and thus sketch the coarse outlines of the satiric drama. In the South-Sea islands, where society stands by no means in the lowest part of the scale of civilization, it seems to have appeared under this more improved form. In some of these islands many various dramatic representations

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presentations of the satirical kind, the keenness, which was generally directed against some offender amongst the audience, were observed by our navigators. By steps like these, according to the degree of civilization, probably satire has proceeded in most communities; simple in its origin, but forcible in its effects, it has attended and assisted to regulate the formation of society, the fear of shame, joined to the desire of praise, acting as the master-movers of the soul in the wild scenes of primitive independency.

Thus from the indelicate railery, and coarse invective of the festive assemblies, of which all nations in their origin participate, seems to arise in the earliest ages the Greek and Roman satires, alike in the more remote periods, though differing much afterwards; and in its improved form, satire may belong altogether to the Roman poetry. The rustic and extempore sarcasms of the ancient Greek festivals, having gradually polished and methodized, in process of time appeared the old comedy. Here satire appears to have worn its most formidable shape; armed with all the poignancy of wit and the severity of invective, its shafts were directed against villainy and corruption, however armed with authority, or dignified by station. The rulers of the state felt a power before which their own was humbled, all  
disguise



disguise was torn from shrinking guilt, and the offender hung up to the contempt and derision of a whole people. Among the satirists of that period, Aristophanes stands first, in whose hands wit and humour were successfully directed against the abuses of government, and to the detection of the designs of those who perverted the public confidence to their own unwarrantable views. Unawed by power, he dared to employ the force of satire in laying open to the Athenians the misconduct of their governors, and in directing the contempt of the people to those they had been taught to respect and fear. The liberal encomiums of the city he so essentially served, as well as many testimonies of other nations, shew in how dignified a light this part of his character was held, and how efficacious his wit for the correction of the abuses it attacked. Had he stopt here, satire, under his management, had retained its genuine dignity, and been directed to its true and proper end,—the exposing to shame those whose power set them above other punishment; but the wanton caprice of wit was not to be confined: the licence which the old comedy allowed, was extended to insolence and impiety, things divine and human were equally the objects of ridicule, and wit became venom, and satire malignity, when aimed at the best of men and

first of philosophers, Socrates. After the form of government was changed in Athens, the personality of satire was repressed by a severe decree, which forbid the actors to name any one in their dramatic representations. The consequence of this was another change of the form of satire; and the middle comedy appeared, in which gross and direct invective against particular persons being suppressed, satire received a greater degree of refinement, and came nearer to the delicacy and polish which is in a manner the essence of its true nature. New checks still continuing to be applied to the keen spirit which reigned in these pieces, at last by the prohibition of real subjects, as before of real names, and the total removal of the chorus, from the song of which the keenest strokes were generally delivered, the vein of satire gradually diminished, till in the hands of Menander, the new comedy was little more than a simple representation of life and manners, heightened indeed by wit, and marked with all the strength of character, but partaking little of the severe and extended nature of satire. Besides this general deduction of the Greek satiric drama, many names might be mentioned, which antiquity records as belonging to satirists, though their works are so lost, as to enable us to form no kind of judgment of their nature; a work of Homer him-  
self

self seems, by the account of Aristotle, to participate of this mode of writing.

In the same manner as the origin and progress of satirical composition has been traced out among the Greeks, an account might be given of the Roman satire, pointing out its gradual advancement from the same species of rude original; but, perhaps, it will be better passing over the various steps of improvement, to come immediately to that period when drawn from her former scattered and dispersed appearance, satire began to claim for itself a distinct province of poetry. Rough and irregular in its origin under Junius and Pacuvius, the Roman satire did not for a long time free itself from coarseness and violence, and even in the hands of Lucilius, who brought the loose compositions of his predecessors into a regular form, it appears to have retained the licence and furious severity of its original source, the old satiric comedy. Not long after, in the Augustan age, it was destined to receive a polish and perfection, to which, perhaps, succeeding ages have been able to add little.

As the Roman poetry has the honour of the invention of this species of composition, as well as that of having brought it to perfection, the models which the Latin muse has left, charm our attention; of these the principal seem to divide themselves

themselves into two distinct classes; in one vice being made the object of abhorrence and indignation, and all the pomp of language employed to convey the keenness of invective and bitterness of insult, the offenders are branded with infamy indelible, and hung up on high to the terror of mankind; but in the other, contempt alone is expressed, and instead of outrageous and violent invective, the guilty are taught to feel the severity of satire in fine and delicate touches of raillery; the poet here conceals his purpose, and gives the blow when least expected; vice is discredited by exposing its weakness and unworthiness, and shamed by the most piercing ridicule from its purposes. It is needless to mention Horace or Juvenal, as standing at the head of these two departments of satire, under which the greatest part of those who have succeeded them have since arranged themselves. It has been a trite subject of dispute, to weigh the solemn invective of Juvenal against the keen lively raillery of Horace, and determine the merits of the two poets in this way of writing. Perhaps, the different periods of time, and dissimilar situations in which the satirist lived, make such a comparison, in order to estimate their real poetical merit, absurd. The one could hardly have hoped for success, had he employed the light shafts of wit and





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UPON the whole it will probably be found, that though great and triumphant guilt which has derided every other check, may often, amidst power and affluence, tremble at the scourge of wit; that for the general correction of the abuses, which insinuate themselves into human society, the higher efforts of more sportive satire bid fairest for success. The more useful scope of this kind of writing, is not so much to attack those great vices, from whose deformity, when exposed, we turn away with horror; but rather those lesser and more insinuating ones, which often, to deceive, put on the appearance of virtue itself, and impose not only on the world, but not unfrequently on the heart they influence; and thus, by setting in a ridiculous light the vices and frailties which prejudice, or sometimes habit, have rendered

dered dear to us, gradually to wean the heart from unworthy motives of action. There is a principle in the human breast, which makes us impatient of reproof or censure, and therefore the satirist who sets out with the deliberate purpose of reproachful severity, will in vain expect the effect of reformation, which he who, without suffering himself to be carried away by indignation, plays with the passions of his readers, secures their attention, and, when he least appears to meditate, inflicts the blow, seems, in general, most likely to produce. Upon the strong and energetic model of Juvenal, Hall, who calls himself the first English satirist, appears almost wholly to have formed himself; from the manners and spirit of the nation to whom he was labouring to introduce this peculiar species of poetry, he judged that under this form it would be best received, though the vice of that period was not so great as to make it necessary to enter into all the violence of the Roman. The attempts which have been made by succeeding poets, have not added much to the strength and energy of satire since the time of bishop Hall, though much to its delicacy and address. Another who followed in the same track was Donne, who has but little improved on his predecessor in point of grace, and our language seemed destined, for a long time, to lose the glory of producing genteel and elegant

elegant satire, till the appearance of Pope vindicated it from that disgrace, and all the delicate graces, the fine turns of Horace, were transfused into the writings of that great poet.

Though in these two species of direct satire, perhaps the models left for our imitation have never been surpassed, there is a circumstance which clearly gives to modern satirical composition a decided advantage; this is the invention of the mock heroic poem. Under this form, totally unknown to the ancients, without the appearance of a purpose of harsh reproof and censure, the keenest and most delicate strokes of satire are introduced, the attention is irresistibly fixed, and all the charms of fable, all the richness of invention, joined to the force of wit and irony, the more poignant for being concealed. Clothed in this dress satire lays aside its asperity, and takes its most elegant and engaging form. Perhaps to render instruction attractive, and take off repulsion from censure, this mode of composition is the greatest perfection satiric writing has received, and a point beyond which it is hardly to be carried. Thus having traced satire from its rough and simple origin, we have seen it applying its powers to the support of civil order and the correction of manners in the first dawnings of human society; and afterwards, laying aside its coarseness and virulence adapted to the rudeness of primitive



primitive morality, still employed in the grand purpose of the encouragement of virtue and exposure of vice, acting as a supplement to human laws, and condemning and punishing those whom the tribunal of justice could not reach. Directed to an uniform permanent principle of action in the breast of man, the shafts of satire have seldom been found to fly in vain, and, like those of death, levelling all distinctions, are able to reach the most exalted situations as they penetrate to the most obscure. Under the protection of these powerful weapons, innocence finds a refuge from the insults of vice; and while corruption and villainy are shewn in their proper deformity, virtue dares to assume her native dignity, and claim her lawful rights.

But, salutary as is the office of satire when under the proper guide of truth and justice, we turn with horror from the fatal perversions which the more depraved passions of the mind, or the wantonness of caprice, are too apt to give to what was meant for so noble and generous a purpose. The envy that pines at the success of others, the hatred arising from disappointed views, the humour that sacrifices all things for a jest, have often poisoned the dart of satire with their own malignity, and aimed it at the heart of unsuspecting innocence. Armed with such a weapon, and actuated by the worst of motives,  
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malignant wit becomes a fury, blindly dealing out firebrands and death, all bounds, divine or human, are wantonly trampled down, and we find, that without the dictates of a good heart, satire, instead of the scourge of guilt, and guardian of truth, appears the dark assassinating minister of falsehood, and the terror of unguarded purity. Regardless of justice, should the character the malignant satirist wishes to expose be too perfect for his purpose, his malicious ingenuity can, like that of the tyrant of antiquity, distort and deform the wretched sufferer, till he is reduced to the standard his cruelty wishes to assign him. Hence satire loses its chief force and proper influence; virtue is carried away in the same indiscriminate torrent that overwhelms vice, and the bad triumph when they perceive that the scourge, at which they trembled, carries terror to innocence itself.

We have before considered this kind of writing chiefly as employed in the defence of the great cause of morality, and by exposing the vices of mankind as striking terror into the guilty, and asserting the claims of virtue; but the follies and weaknesses of mankind, the abuses of human reason, furnish an inferior province in which the shafts of satire are employed with success. Penetrating the absurd or unworthy motives of human actions, the genius of satire here descends to the

dispersion

dispersion of those clouds which the false pretences of ignorance, the hot-headed zeal of party, and the infatuation of prejudice have thrown round the clear light of truth and nature.

The plain and simple nature of religion has ever been, in the hands of men, liable to numberless abuses. Stupid ignorance, by surrounding her throne with the most intricate mazes, and obscuring the brightness of her form with mists and darkness, has laboured to render her difficult of access and unamiable of aspect; while hypocrisy joined with fanaticism has, by loading her with meretricious ornaments, disguised her simple charms and perverted her native purity. To baffle the efforts of dulness, to hold out to ridicule the absurdities of misguided bigotry, or scourge the passions and discords which men have foolishly intermingled in the pursuit of true religion, has, in almost every age, fallen under the province of satire, whose attack has met with success, when every resource of grave argument or serious reprobation have been known to fail of proper effect. Here Erasmus stands in a manner unrivalled as the great champion of reason against dulness and folly. Under his guidance the weapon of satire was directed for the benefit of mankind, against the weaknesses and absurdities of the church of Rome, and the priests, whose ignorance and immoralities discredited their order, as well

as human nature in general. In the midst of an age when the darkest influence of superstition and folly had nearly overspread the face of a whole land, when the rulers with the people slumbered in the same shade of ignorance, this great man stood alone, and, armed only with the strength of satire, appeared as the assertor of the rights of reason. The clouds that involved all things opened before the radiance of his wit, bigotry fled before him, nor could dulness, though concealed in the cowl, or shining in the mitre, escape the keenness of his strokes, but stood equally in awe of an obscure individual. In our own times we have seen how successfully the weapons of wit and irony may be directed to expose religious abuses; though, in the hands of Swift, satire may have taken too large a licence. The holy tyranny, the absurd pretensions, the assumed powers of the papal throne, and the various errors which have crept in length of time or been adopted in the violence of reformation into the other branches of religion, are here held out to contempt in a manner, that the most solid and conclusive argument might for ever have laboured to effect in vain. Though the vehicle of party is generally employed to convey the reprehension of satire, when applied to the greater and more important deviations from rectitude of mankind, the form of prose is used in the

examples



examples mentioned, as well as in great part of those satirical writings which move in the narrower sphere of connecting weaknesses and follies. A fictitious relation of adventures, a well supported allegory or characteristic dialogue, are the shapes in which this kind of satire generally appears. When poetry is employed, the mock heroic seems in every respect most calculated for the purpose. The luxury and discords of the guests of his time, Boileau has touched with the most delicate and pointed irony, under this most pleasing of all forms.

But while the powers of ridicule are thus mentioned as happily employed in lashing error, and detecting absurdities, we cannot help seeing with concern, how often the wanton exuberance of wit mistakes the proper objects of satire, and, as in the hands of Swift, bears down indiscriminately things sacred and profane. The ungovernable spirit of sarcasm carries away this otherwise great writer, not only to attack the human inventions which have sullied the simplicity of religion, but his aim is often rashly taken at things of a more sacred and respectable nature. It seems to be a want of due discrimination of the proper objects of ridicule which runs with and debases the vein of exquisite wit and poignancy which so eminently mark this singular man. The severity of sarcastic humour is too often employed, instead of correcting

correcting the errors of mankind, against human nature itself, the portrait of which he takes every opportunity of rendering dark and disgusting, by the shades of his gloomy pencil. As nothing but what is corrigible is the proper object of satire; to depreciate and scoff at our species, is an exertion of talents which excites only aversion. Where we cannot amend, ridicule is most culpable. The best of the French satirists seems to have run into the same error, without the incitement that Swift's disappointed feelings and habitual misanthropy might give him, in a piece styled a Satire on Man, in which the force of wit and humour is employed to undervalue the advantages of human reason, and sink the dignity of the species in its own estimation. Perhaps of all satirical writers, Voltaire affords the best example of the indiscriminating violence of capricious wit. A host in himself, had his force been uniformly employed on the side of virtue, it might have been happy for mankind. But enforced with all the strength and brilliancy of ridicule, all the seduction of language, his attacks are continually levelled against all that mankind have been accustomed to reverence, all from which they have drawn comfort in the hour of distress; and to depreciate reason, to loosen the ties of society, and inculcate a system not much better than Manicheism, seem but too much the intent of

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his satirical pieces, the perverted effects of more various powers of mind than the world has often seen centered in any individual.

Another striking abuse of satire is, when into compositions of this kind the narrowness of prejudice, or the rancour of poets, is suffered to find its way. Personality changes the sword of justice into the dagger of the assassin, while under the guidance of the spirit of party, wit and talents are the prostituted servants of fury or caprice. Much it is to be lamented that spots of this kind, should have been suffered to sully the manly sense and energy, which distinguish the writings of Churchill, or that the page of such a writer should have been defiled amongst a thousand beauties, with illiberal invectives against a particular and devoted nation.

But from instances of the perversion of satire, let us turn to another field in which it is made use of with propriety and advantage, the abuse of human understanding. Political errors and the absurdity and futility of the plans adopted by mankind in the general pursuit of happiness, have, in their turns, felt the severe though salutary stroke; but the mistaken use of science and philosophy has had all the force of wit directed against it. The way to true science has always been steep and difficult: while a very few have been fortunate enough to attain the right path, thousands

thousands have wandered in the endless mazes of hypothesis and conjecture, others in the beginning of their pursuit have been drawn aside by the minutiae of learning, and exhausted their whole powers on the investigation of trifles. To call back the powers of the mind from idle speculation, and direct them to more applicable labours, the force of ridicule has been successfully employed. *Berjérac* led the way in France in this species of satire, which *Swift*, in some parts of his *Gulliver*, has improved into such exquisite keenness of humour. One of the first English pieces of this kind, a book now almost forgotten, was given to the world by the author, who boasts the introduction of English satirical poetry, under the name of *Mundus Alter & Idem*. The folly and impertinence of learning, ill directed and abused, have been severely exposed in a fictitious History of an infatuated Man of Learning, by *Arbuthnot* and his friends. The sequel of the history, which in their hands was interrupted, has furnished matter for a mock epic poem, which ranks among the first of those compositions.

To the extirpation of prejudices, however rooted and national, satire has sometimes been found adequate. The poem of *Hudibras* is known to have had a sensible effect in putting to flight the absurdities which fanaticism and hypocrisy had spread over the nation; and in the midst of  
a period,



a period, when an universal fury seemed dispersed among the whole Spanish nation, an ingenious satire was able to infuse a new turn of thinking. Reason and humanity in vain opposed themselves to the barbarous prejudices which the depraved ideas of honour and gallantry had produced; but we see the giant of false glory, who had so long bathed himself in the best blood of a nation, fall before the keenness of solemn irony. Cervantes wielded the arms of ridicule against the universal prepossession, and from the time of the reception of this inimitable work, is nearly dated the beginning of a gradual extinction to those illusions which had reigned in the heated imaginations of a whole people, and desolated a country of heroes. Such is the universal application and efficacy of satire when undebased by rancour and malignity, and under the guidance of justice, without which neither the charms of wit or energy of language can keep off contempt from the prostituted minister of calumny. There is unfortunately too often a mean principle inherent in the human breast, which is gratified by the exposure of a character or detraction from known virtue; but it is above considerations like these, that true and genuine satire ever soars. The rage of party, the rancour of personality, the bitterness of malice, however dignified by wit, or pointed by ridicule, exist but for the day

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which bears them, while a boldness in the cause of virtue, a generous indignation against vice, an acuteness and perseverance displayed in tracing guilt and folly through all their subterfuges, will give dignity and permanence to the honest endeavours of the good satirist; and when the facts he stigmatizes are forgotten and perished, will still be able to hand him down, to the admiration and respect of succeeding ages.



**FINIS.**

